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LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH



David Grant

157



With very kind regards
and all good wishes.

June 1910

Chs.



LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH

AND OTHER POEMS AND SONGS.

By DAVID GRANT, A.C.P., F.E.I.S.,
Author of "Metrical Tales" and other Poems.

WITH INTRODUCTORY ESSAY
By R. C. T. MAIR, M.A., LL.B.,
AND A GLOSSARY.

EDINBURGH; ANDREW ELLIOT, 17 PRINCES STREET.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The freshness and vigour of Mr GRANT'S new volume are qualities which ought to secure for it a warm welcome at the hands of all who care for poetry. . . . No one who reads these *Lays and Legends of the North* can fail to recognise the fact that, whatever else may be said about them, they are the genuine product of a nature profoundly in sympathy with the whole life of the population with whose joys and sorrows they are concerned. The translations and paraphrases from the German, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek which Mr GRANT has appended to his Lays and Legends are sufficient proof that he is no stranger to other languages and other literatures; but all his wanderings among the classics and among the great literatures of modern Europe have failed to rob him of that intense love for his native land which is born with every true Scotsman. . . . It is, however, the humorous side of Northern life that Mr GRANT is most successful in portraying. There is genuine humour in such pieces as 'The Sounin' o' the Kirk,' 'Meerie's Cristening,' and 'A Feughside Fairy Tale'; and in the latter piece there is something more—namely, a delicate vein of fancy, which is seen, too, in some of the songs and shorter poems, of which there are several in this volume. In a word, it may be said that this is a genuine book, and no mere record of second-hand impressions or simulated emotion."—*Scotsman*.

"Regarding the contents of his handsome book we need only say that they display the true inspiration of genius, for Mr GRANT is a poet born, endowed with the genuine afflatus, and not a mere mechanical constructor of rhymed platitudes."—*Northern Ensign*.

"In this volume. . . . Mr GRANT has, in our judgment, not only made a distinct advance on his previous volume of 'Metrical Tales and other

Opinions of the Press.

Pieces,' but has rendered a service, which probably no other man could have done, in the vivid and picturesque delineation of old-world scenes and character on his native Deeside. Not a few of the songs exhibit fine feeling and true poetic fancy; and these, with the translations and paraphrases, carry their own evidence of the author's cultured and scholarly turn of mind; but it is upon the first section, devoted to 'Lays and Legends of the North,' that we are disposed to set by much the higher value. . . . 'The Muckle Spate of Twenty-Nine,' is every way admirable. As a description of a remarkable and historically memorable flood on the River Dee, it fixes for all time, accurately and with singularly picturesque effect, the general impression of the event."—*Aberdeen Daily Free Press*.

"Alike in bulk and in literary worth this volume differs from the poetical publications now in fashion. . . . 'The Muckle Spate' is the longest and the most powerful of the metrical tales. . . . The poet has thrown himself into this theme with great vigour and evident glee, and from the first line to the last his plan of presenting a sort of comic panorama of the flood is carried out with entire success. Nothing in verse could be more vivid than the series of *tableaux* given in this poem. . . ."—*Elgin Courant and Courier*.

"Mr GRANT, who is a native of Deeside, and a man of cultured mind, in addition to true poetic feeling and fancy, and excellent dramatic power, has a thorough command of the native Doric, and his volume ought to meet with wide acceptance in the north. To Aberdeen and Kincardineshire readers in particular, Lays, marked by such graphic force and genuine humour, and knowledge of native character, appeal with irresistible force."—*Aberdeen Evening Gazette*.

"This work is a decided acquisition to our modern poetical literature, and the sketches of native manners and life have, apart from their poetic merits, an additional value of their own, as preserving an interesting description of rural manners that have now almost disappeared. . . ."—*The Aberdeen Journal*.

"Mr GRANT has done well in publishing this volume of Lays and Legends (2) which, if we mistake not, will meet with a ready acceptance in the south as well as in the north. That the author has 'glossed rural manners changing fast' cannot for a moment be doubted by any one who takes the most casual peep into this volume. He has a quick eye, and what we may call the sweet faculty of humour, which flings a loving light upon the grouping of his pictures of old times, now rapidly becoming a memory. His command of language, and especially the Doric, is very extensive, and in the dialect of his own shire it is astonishing how flexible it becomes, and reduces itself to the light and shade of the poet's purpose. The first poem, 'The Muckle Spate of Twenty-Nine' is a capital instance of this. This is as good in the way of rough firm description as anything in Allan Ramsay. Indeed, the whole poem abounds with such, and as it is in three 'fyttes' the reader has a good idea as to the length and quality of the whole poem, which, as we have said before, is certainly a very remarkable one."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF
THE NORTH
AND OTHER POEMS



DAVID GRANT, 1880.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

DAVID GRANT, A.C.P., F.E.I.S.

AUTHOR OF "METRICAL TALES," "LILY OF PARK HILL," ETC.

WITH

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

BY

R. C. T. MAIR, M.A., LL.B.

AND A GLOSSARY

EDINBURGH

ANDREW ELLIOT, 17 PRINCES STREET

1908

PR 4728

G 116 L4

TO
DAVID PHILIP, Esq., S.S.C.

IN BOYHOOD MY HOPEFUL PUPIL
IN MANHOOD MY CONSTANT FRIEND

I Dedicate

THESE "LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH"

WITH FEELINGS OF SINCERE ESTEEM
AND AFFECTIONATE REGARD

THE AUTHOR

22-222
3 3 2



Introduction.

“LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH”—

Take them—take them at their worth.

Pliant to whatever power

Ruled the feelings of the hour,

I have journeyed earth along,

Singing grave or gleeful song ;

Freely, as a poet ought,

Scatt’ring as the Muses brought.

Shall I in these later times,

Can I now recast my rhymes ?

As they came they needs must go,

Prove the critic friend or foe ;

Yet I fondly hope that none

Shall desire my work undone,

Nor my own beloved North

Judge it wholly void of worth,

But rejoice that I have glassed

Rural manners changing fast.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

THERE is perhaps no need to justify a biographical sketch prefixed to a volume of poems. To many who read poetry merely for its own sake, such an arrangement adds an interest; they look for it. There is a more certain value in such a sketch when the verses to which it is prefixed derive their interest, not exclusively from their poetical merit, but also, and hardly less from a certain flavour, a racial or local colouring, from any quality indeed which directs their first and immediate appeal to a circumscribed range of readers. The title of the present volume shows that this greater justification is present here, and it may be hoped that the short biography which is here set out, will have an interest for other than those who cherish their personal recollections of our poet.

David Grant was born in 1823 at Affrusk, in the Parish of Banchory Ternan, Kincardineshire. His

great grandfather, it would seem, came from Strathspey shortly after "The Forty Five," but as the Grants of Strathspey were not active supporters of the Pretender, there is no special reason to imagine that he was in any way implicated in the Rebellion. His grandfather was the prosperous farmer of Gellan, in the Parish of Strachan, and of his sons, one, Robert, became the father of Joseph Grant, who, although he died young, achieved some note as the writer of vigorous tales of local interest, many of which appeared in "Chambers's Journals." His youngest son, George, was the father of our poet. This George Grant seems to have been an energetic and capable farmer, but about the time of our poet's birth, he was refused a renewal of the lease of Affrusk farm, which he was compelled to leave before he had reaped any return from his considerable outlays towards its improvement. For this refusal of a new lease no other reason has been assigned than the aggravating one, that his Laird disapproved of his political opinions. Be this as it may, it was in greatly reduced circumstances that he removed to the Parish of Strachan, where, with the assistance of his sons, Joseph and David, he carried on not unsuccessfully the business of a wood sawyer.

It was in the Parish of Strachan, then, that David

Grant received his first impressions of men and things, and spent a sufficiently happy boyhood, which was distinguished, as he himself records, by the discovery of a precocious facility in turning his childish adventures into rude forms of verse. Remaining with his father until he was twenty-four years of age, he then found himself in a position to gratify a thirst for learning by proceeding to the Aberdeen Grammar School, where he spent two Sessions. At the end of this period he had so far progressed in his studies that he was able to proceed to Marischal College, and link himself with the long procession of those who have found that their birth in this North East of Scotland has brought them near to the easiest opening gates in the high walls of the House of Learning. Of his life at Marischal College, he has himself left some record, and his assurance that "the last infirmity of noble minds" did not mar for him the enjoyment of student life, or cover him with either the dust or the palms of class competitions. He seems rather to have decided rightly, that it was good to experience humanity and things as his College life gave him occasion, and to assimilate rather than to gorge himself with the learning of the classrooms. A breakdown in health prevented him from attending Marischal College for a third

session, and he abandoned his University career without obtaining a degree. He had, however, acquired a good knowledge of Mathematics and the Ancient Languages, and was also, in the words of John Stuart Blackie, then Professor of Humanity in Marischal College, "favourably known by his command of the English Language." His literary and poetical ability is further attested by the fact that for English verse he was awarded Professor Blackie's Prize; which bore this inscription, doubtless from the pen of the fervid Professor who instituted the Competition: "David Grant, puer egregius versuum pangendorum arte doctus compluribus canticis anglicis auditoria academica personans hocce præmium reportavit."

Notwithstanding the unfortunate termination of his University career, Grant decided, when his health was restored, to take up the profession of teaching, and found his first appointment in Stonehaven. From this he proceeded to Clackmarris School, in Morayshire, where he also found time to act as Editor of the *Elgin Courier*, and sometime later he became master of the Parochial School of Canisbay.

His life here seems to have been rich in experiences, and the things seen and heard along the shores of the Pentland Firth formed the themes of

a numerous host of yarns and tales, which he published in metrical form many years after he had left the North.

His professional duties at this time left him leisure to contribute frequently in prose and verse to the *Aberdeen Herald*, in the columns of which, indeed, his name was familiar till the end of his life.

In 1862, after leaving Canisbay and spending a year in Aberdeen and Bridge-of-Allan, Grant took over the management of an "English and Classical Institution" for young gentlemen, which had for some time been carried on by a clergyman in Blythswood Square, Glasgow. Everything seemed to point to the success of this undertaking. Grant was now an experienced teacher, eminently qualified to supervise the education of the class of pupils which the Blythswood Square School invited. He had married a Mrs Allan, the widowed daughter of Mr Webster, the Goods Manager of the Great North of Scotland Railway, and his wife seems to have been well suited to undertake the management of the domestic department of such an institution. But an unforeseeable calamity brought this bright prospect to an end; for, two months after this prosperous start, an outbreak of diphtheria had carried off Mrs Grant, and completely scattered his pupils. Returning to Aberdeen, Grant

had not long to wait before he was offered the post of French Master, in Oundle Grammar School, Northamptonshire, and, after spending some time in France, he entered on the duties of this appointment, which he held for three and a half years.

His work as a teacher here was in a high degree successful, and he seems to have met with much appreciation as a scholar and a gentleman.

Just when he was on the point of entering on more responsible duties at Oundle, he was offered an appointment as Sub-Principal and Classical Master at Eccleshall College, Sheffield. This post he accepted and successfully occupied for six and a half years, when he acquired the goodwill of Springvale Academy, a middle class school of good standing in Sheffield. For some eight years this undertaking flourished in Grant's hands, but in 1878 the opening of a Central Board School for higher education seemed likely to withdraw the support of such private establishments as Springvale Academy, and he decided to dispose of it. He had for some time been doing literary and journalistic work, and he now resolved to adopt literature as his profession.

With this object in view he went on a visit to London, where he had good opportunities of being introduced into literary circles. Not long, however,

after his arrival in London he caught a chill, which developed into an illness from which he never quite recovered. Shortly before this he had prepared for the press a collection of his occasional verses, which appeared, during his illness, under the title of "Metrical Poems and other Tales." This volume, the miscellaneous contents of which were classified as "Tales of the Stormbound," "Yarns of the Pentland Firth," Miscellaneous Sonnets, Poems etc., met with a very gratifying reception, which has to be attributed to the genuine poetical power and narrative fluency which the "Yarns" in particular revealed. In these last are seen the fruits of the time spent at Canisbay, where those who remembered their popular teacher were glad to hail his book of verse as an honour and a service done to their native place. Indeed, the appreciation which these poems met from those familiar with their themes provides a good evidence of the readiness with which the Scottish Poet finds an audience: a circumstance which helps to explain why Scotland is, by reason of its wealth of minor poets, and in that sense "the land of song." Being now much restored in health Grant, who still had his home in the neighbourhood of Sheffield, having been obliged to give up his London project, continued to be a frequent contributor to local publications

and confined his energies to this class of work although urged by many who had admired his qualities as a teacher to resume this profession.

For some eight months he acted as editor of the *Sheffield Post*, to which he had been a frequent contributor in prose and verse. A tour in Scotland which he undertook for the benefit of his health, suggested to him the idea of a permanent residence on the north side of the Border, and in 1883 he removed from Sheffield to Edinburgh. Here, besides some tutorial work which he undertook, he continued his literary pursuits, and displayed an unabated mastery of the vernacular. Of his prose writing at this time an interesting specimen is the "Extracts from the Chronicles of Keckleton," which appeared in serial form in the *Aberdeen Free Press*, and elicited the following mistaken but not unflattering criticism from a contemporary, " 'Extracts from the Chronicles of Keckleton,' "overflowing with pawkie Scotch humour, is apparently from the pen of that genuine vernacular man "to whom we are indebted for 'Johnny Gibb of " 'Gushetneuk.' Mr Alexander writes the Doric in "its purity, which is refreshing in these days of a "hybrid patois, that savours of the Glasgow goose-dubs and of the sister isle rather than of the land of "Burns. The substance of his work as well as its

“form entitles him to a place beside Galt and Moir. “Since ‘Mansie Wauch,’ indeed, we have had “nothing to equal the opening chapters of the “‘Chronicles of Keckleton.’” Any one who now reads these “Chronicles” will be willing to admit that, while there is sufficient difference in the manner of them to prevent confusion with the work of these authors, the language in which they are written well merits the implied comparison. “A Handbook to the Great North of Scotland Railway” may also be mentioned here, as exhibiting a certain charm of picturesqueness and a fluent and entertaining manner of prose writing. Of his poetical works beyond the “Lays and Legends,” none need here be mentioned except perhaps his “Book of Ten Songs” published posthumously, concerning which it will suffice to quote the testimony of Professor Blackie—himself a less successful wooer of the Doric Muse, and a kind friend of Grant’s later years—who never had occasion to go back on his early judgment on Grant’s “ars pangendorum versuum.” “Among “those,” he says, “who in this generation have “contributed largely to maintain our character as a “lyrical people, few deserve to be held in more “honourable memory than the late David Grant, “some of whose productions, set to music by his

"friends, are here placed before the public." The "Lays and Legends" were first published in the beginning of 1884 and, like his earlier volume, were well received. In this collection is to be found a representative selection of the best things that David Grant accomplished in verse, and those who care for his reputation would not be unwilling that it should rest on these poems, which it was the labour of almost his last years to see through the press. Of his last years in Edinburgh, indeed, little remains to be said, except that they were spent in so uncertain a condition of health, that no new task of much moment could be undertaken hopefully. Whatever gloom his ill health may have put on his spirit; he did not lack for friends, nor find his last years neglected. In the winter of 1885 his illness became acute, and although he rallied in the spring and had thoughts of visiting his native Deeside, he had come to the end of his journeying. On the 22nd of April 1886 he died rather suddenly, leaving a widow who had been his helpmate and companion for 15 years, and their family of two, who still live to cherish the memory of this man, whose large soul and kindly heart endeared him to all he met.

Such in brief outline is the life story of David Grant. Of his writings there is no room for criticism here, nor much need for it when his poems

themselves are in the reader's hands. Of his poetical and literary faculty there is no room for doubt : his adequate verse translations show that he lacked few of the accomplishments and fewer of the instincts of a scholar : his power of acute observation, and his humour, are not to be controverted. It is to be added that the vernacular, in which for the greater part he wrote, is so native to his tongue that this volume should in these days derive an added interest from the circumstance, that it is in some sort a storehouse of Scottish speech.

And it would be well that this should be preserved, lest a later age should seek carefully, by Scottish revivals and the like, to recover a lost record of a people's mind and not find it ; for as surely as the dialect in which he wrote becomes obscure and lost, just as assuredly will a certain something of the mind and temperament of the men he wrote about be left ultimately without a witness. Of this there is no opportunity here to speak, nor of that naturally suggested question of the reason for Scotland's predominance at different times in the realm of minor poetry. This unquestionable phenomenon will be easily and gladly imputed by some to the ingenuity of this resultant nationality. Those who have not the courage of this patriotic conviction will most probably fall

back on some peculiarity in the industrial conditions of Scotland, and the disposition of her population, which readily provides an audience for her poets: or to a certain homeliness in her greatest poets and a frank pride in their craft which tends to provoke emulation: or on this circumstance, that those who seek to play the poet in the Scottish vernacular, have to their hands an instrument of speech which was the vehicle of cultured and literary thought centuries before Ferguson rescued or Burns glorified it.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THE NORTH.

THE MUCKLE SPATE OF 'TWENTY-NINE:

*Being some memorials o' the Muckle Spate in auchteen twenty-nine,
as the same exhibited itsel' i' the Howe o' Feugh to the een an'
imagination o' an indwaller i' the Parish o' Stra'an.*

Fyete the First.

Shawin' the oncome o' the spate, alang wi' the general
ruiction ensuin' an' the special mishanters occurrin' to the
Dyster o' Dalsack ; at Mill o' Clinter ; to Ennochie's cluckin'
hen ; to the fairmer o' Fytestane ; at the Mill o' Stra'an ;
to the Souter o' Dalbreck ; to the Wyever o' the Strathy ;
and to the Cairder at Haugh o' Stra'an.

THO' I was only but a bairn
In auchteen twenty-nine,
The mem'ry o' the Muckle Spate
Has never left my min'.

We had a byous weety time,
A week, or maybe mair,
The eident rain kept pelting on,
Nae single hoor wis fair ;

The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.

An' then for four-an'-twenty hoors
 There followed a doonfa'
 The like o' which, sin' Noah's flood,
 The warl' never saw.
 The thunner rum'lt roon the hills,
 The howes were in a soom,
 We thocht the warl', owergaen wi' age,
 Drew near the crack o' doom ;
 We thocht the tulzie wis renew't
 Wi' yon uncanny ban' ;
 We thocht the deil hed speelt the lift,
 An' got the upper han' ;
 We thocht the promise wis forgot
 To droon the warl' nae mair ;
 We thocht—we kent na' fat to think,
 Oor hieds wi' thocht were sair.

It wis upon a Fiersday nicht,
 As near as I can think,
 When this ooncommon ootpoor fell
 Fae skies as black as ink ;
 An' when we raise at skriek o' day,
 In ilka bit ravine,
 A reamin' burn cam' rum'lin' doon
 Faur burn wis nane thestreene.
 The Feugh cam' rairin' doon fae Birse,
 An' swept the haughs o' Stra'an ;
 Horse, pigs, an' kye were droont i' Dye,
 An' sheep by scores in A'an.
 An' yarn reels, an' spinnin' wheels,
 An' bowies, cogs, and caups,

An' tables, chairs, an' cutty steels,
On ane anither's taps ;
An' girnels, aumries, washin' tubs,
An' smuggled whisky kegs ;
Cheese chessils, butter kits, an' kirns,
An' couple bauks an' legs ;
An' divots, thack, an' timmer lums,
An' rattle trees wi' cruiks,
An' buckets, baith for aise an' saut,
An' racks for plates an' buiks ;
An' barn-fans, an' flails, an' fleers,
An' canasses an' secks ;
An' cheeks o' doors, an' doors themsel's,
Wi' broken ban's an' snecks ;
An' firlot measures, corn scythes,
Wi' lang or forkit sneds ;
An' harrows, barrows, cairts, an' pleughs,
An' neep machines an' sleds ;
An' skeps o' bees, an' sowen sieves,
An' skulls, an' tatie creels ;
An' reets, an' trunks, an' taps o' trees,
An' palin' bars, an' deals,
An' sides, an' reefs o' sheds for peats,
Or sheds for haudin' nowt,
And hay that steed in soos or colls,
Or lay into the 'bout ;
An' bere an' aits in sheaves or taitts,
Weel haint the simmer through,
Ther'out in rucks or i' the barn,
Weel biggit in a mow,
And ither things that I've forgot
Amid sae gryte a steer,

The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.

Or winna inter into rhyme
For crabbit names or queer,
Gaed chasin' ane anither doon
Far, far ayont oor ken,
For we at hame were bairns a',
The aul'est barely ten.
And noo my Muse wad no' refuse
To tell you scores o' things
She notit as by-ordinar',
But she maun cour her wings ;
For sorra tak' that printer chiel,
He winna listen till 'er ;
He tells me that to print her screeds,
Wud cost a soud o' siller.
So I maun only wyle a fyoun,
An' maybe no' the best,
An' leave till times o' better trade,
Or never print the rest ;
Nor need I wander far abroad,
For me 'twill be eneuch
To sing fat childish senses grasp'd,
Alang the Howe o' Feugh.

The dyster, like a drookit rat,
Escapit fae Dalsack,
Wi' naething save his harn sark
Upon his dreepin' back.
He saved his life, an' little mair,
By perfect speed o' fit,
But lost his shop an' a' his claith,
His bowies, pots, an' lit.

At Clinter Mill a mealer lay,
The aits had come fae Knowes,
Unweigh't, unseckit i' the troch,
As gweed's a dizzen bowes ;
Plish-plash the water skelpit in,
Across the disty fleer,
Owre-lap the troch, an' in a trice
The mealer wis caul' steer.

At Ennochie a cluckin' hen
Wis sittin' in a kist,
Baith it an' her were sweett awa'
Afore the creatur' wist ;
We saw her passin' near Heugh-head
As canty as ye like,
Afore her ark a droonit stirk,
Ahint a droonit tyke,
An' ran anent her doon the banks
For half-a-mile or mair,
Observin' that, at ilka jolt,
She lookit unca scare,
As gin she said within hersel'—
'Faur ever am I gyaun ?
I never saw the like o' this
In Birse nor yet in Stra'an.
Faur ever am I gyaun, bairns ?
Nae canny gait, I doot ;
Gin I cud but get near the side,
I think I wad flee oot.'
We left her near the Burn o' Frusk,
An' speculatit lang

The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.

Gin she were carri't to the sea
 Afore her ark gaed wrang,
 An' may be spairt by Davie Jones
 To bring her cleckin' oot,
 Gin she wad rear them like a hen
 Or like a water coot ?

Twa muckle rucks o' fairnyear's aits
 Wer' stanin' at Fytestane
 When Fytie gaed to bed at nicht ;
 He raise, an' there wis nane !
 Noo, Fytie wis a gethert carle,
 Fa weel the loss cud bide ;
 But yet he lap as he were wud,
 An' poo't his hair an' cry't—
 ' We're herrit, wife ! we're herrit clean !
 Faur, faur's the fusky pig ?
 Oor rucks o' corn are baith awa',
 An' sae's the timmer brig !'
 An' Fytie's Brig, the Lady's Brig,
 An' mony brigs forbye,
 That spate sent rumblin' doon the Feugh,
 Or doon the A'an an' Dye.
 A timmer brig ye wadna seen
 Faure'er yer fit nicht fa',
 An' barely ane o' lime an' stane
 That hedna lost a wa'.

At Mill o' Stra'an, the millert's man
 Wis busy grinnin' aits,
 Wi' a' his thochts on Mary Bell,
 An' nane to spare for spates.

The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.

7

When 'clipper-clapper' flew the mill,
As ne'er flew mill afore ;
An' helter-skelter gush'd the spate
Through ilka hole an' bore.
Nae langer noo on women folks
Scared Sandy's notions ran,
There wis eneuch o' thochtfu' wark
For maister an' for man ;
Nor yet for a 'at baith cud lave,
Or dicht, or dem, or close,
Wis ever seen at Mill o' Stra'an
So big a caup o' brose.

A smatchet o' a lassie serv't
The souter at Dalbreck,
He lost a dizzen harn sarks
Through her entire neglec'.
She left them bleachin' o' the green,
Wi' ither claes a curn ;
The spate cam' on upo' the nicht,
An' a' gaed doon the burn.
A wudder souter lingan ne'er
Through leather tried to rug ;
He took the smatchet wi' his neive
A riesle on the lug.
'Tak' that,' quo' he, 'ye careless shard,
I'se gar ye wear my marks,
Yer trachle for a dizzen years
Wad no' renew my sarks !'
The sharger sat an' hoor an' grat
Upo' the deece the but

The Muckle Spate of 'Twenty-nine.

Until her e'en were baith as red
 As collops newly cut.
 'I'll tell my mither noo,' she cried,
 'As sure as I'm alive,
 She'll gar the souter smairt afore
 The lawwers o' Stanehive.'

The wyever o' the Strathy's leem
 Wis connacht oot-an'-oot,
 His wobs o' wincy dawdlit waur
 Nor any scoorin' cloot,
 His pirns an' clews, an' worset hesps,
 Beclairtit i' the glaur,
 Till 'twud hae taen a clever chiel
 To tell ye fat they war.
 A dowie man the wyever wis,
 When to the shop he comes,
 'Preserve's,' he cries, 'the hale concern's
 Nae worth a bunch o' thrums!'

The Cairdin' Mill at Haugh o' Stra'an,
 The eelie pigs an' woo',
 Were ruint, smasht, or sweetl awa',
 Alang wi' Cairdy's coo.
 Fat wye the Cairder an' the wife,
 Wi' little'ns twa or three,
 Got aff wi' life, I dinna ken,
 An' winna tell a lee;
 For tho' I ken that mony ane
 Fa han'le pen an' ink,
 Wad no' regaird a lee or twa
 To gar their story clink,

Yet I am nae romancin' bard,
In lees I dinna deal,
But only tell the stories learnt
In natur's simple skweel.

Fyfte the Second.

Shawin' the mishanters occurin' to Johnny Joss the
Cadger, Davie Durrit, aul' Willie Wilson, peer Tam M'Rory,
Cammie, my Sister's Lan', an' aul' Meg Mill.

A cadger body, Johnny Joss,
Nae far fae Bogendreep,
Lost shawltie, cairtie, creels an' a'
At ae unlucky sweep.
The shawlt wis droonit at the sta',
The cairt washt fae the shed,
An' Johnny made a nar' escape
Fae droonin' in his bed ;
But aifter a' the splore wis owre,
The body, far fae blate,
Contrived to turn to gweed account
The losses by the spate.
He got a beggin' paper drawn
By some buik-learnt chiel,
An' beggit Banchory, Birse, an' Stra'an
An' bits o' Dores as weel ;
An' took a soud o' siller up,
An' when his pouch wis foo,
Crap slyly o'er the Cairn o' Month
Wi' very sma' ado,
An' took a tackie i' the Mearns,
An' got a braw gudewife,

An' lived a much respectit man
The remnant o' his life.
He wadna win in twenty years
By sellin' stinkin' skate
The half o' fat he got in lieu
O' losses by the spate.

Fae Caulmeer Davie Durrit ran
The skeely wife to ca',
But ere he got to Bowsie's Haughs,
The water cover't a'.
He got a horse at Templeton,
An' boldly ventured o'er ;
He cross't the brig, he pass'd the kirk,
He lan't at Lerachmore ;
The skeely wife lap fae her bed,
An' buskit in a glint.
Douce Davie took his seat afore,
The skeely wife ahint,
An' Davie got her doon the brae,
Wi' neither jolt nor jirk,
An' cantily they pass'd the manse
An' cantily the kirk ;
But when they turn't the merchant's shop,
For a' his canty cawin',
' I wadna gyang across,' cried she,
' For a' the wives o' Stra'an !
Preserve's ! the water's ower the brig,
An' oot at baith the en's ;
Turn back the beast, else I'll loup doon,
Though I sud brak my banes !'

The ne'er a word douce Davie spak',
But gae his beast a lick,
An' doon the road, an' owre the brig,
He plash'd through thin an' thick.
The skeely wife she pray't an' bann't,
An' grat for fear an' spite ;
But ne'er a word douce Davie spak',
For a' that she could flyte.
Wi' stick an' heel, owre stream an' peel,
He rade wi' micht an' main,
But to his pairtner's angry words
He answerin' word gae nane ;
Till baith were safe afore his door,
Then lichtly he lap doon,
'Get aff the beast, gyang in,' cries he,
'An' try an' gie's a loon.
Gyang in at ance, an' ben the hoose,
It's eeseless noo to fryne ;
Sae tak' a dram an' dae yer wark,
For I'm seer I've deen mine.'
Afore an hoor a loon was born,
I min' the little'n weel,
A gyangrel at his mither's fit,
When we were at the skweel.
An' aye the howdie eest to brag,
Through a' her aifter life,
Hoo bravely she rade through the spate
To Davie Durrit's wife.

Aul' Willie Wilson lost his coo,
An' never got anither,

He left her near the waterside
A' nicht upo' the tether.
She brak' the tether in a fleg,
An' clam upon a heugh,
But mist a fit, or took a dwam,
An' tum'lt i' the Feugh,
She sank into the muckle pot,
Aneth the kelpie's stane,
An' afterwards wis swirl't awa',—
He lost her skin an' bane.

Peer Tam M'Rory's breedin' soo,
Gaed doon the Burn o' Cammie,
A muckle loss, an' sair heart-brak'
Baith to the wife an' Tammie,
For they were just expectin' pigs,
An' pigs were gey an' dear,
The litter wad 'a paid the rent,
An' left a note, or near.

O' Cammie's hay gaed doon the Feugh,
As gweed's a dizzen stanes,
But for the loss richt weel I wat
He made a braw amends.
I maunna say the carlie wrang,
He's lost the vital spank,
But troth for weeks he gather't hay
Fae Cammie to Deebank.
For ilka stane o' hay he lost
'Twas said he gather't ten,
An' aifter a' wis deen declair't
He hadna half his ain.

He gethert *up* as well as *doon*,
An' maybe wisna wrang,
For fa cud tell in sic a spate
Fat gait their gear nicht gang ?

My sister lost the brocket lam'
She got fae Tammie Durrit—
'Twis said she nicht 'a got a croon
O' gweed fyte siller for it.
Peer silly ted, it brak' its string
An' ran upo' the brae,
An' saw a sheep come bleatin' doon
Upon a coll o' hay.
We didna ken—it nicht 'a thocht
The bleatin' sheep its mither,
At onyrate it jumpit in,
An' baith were droon't thegither.

But wae's my hairt for aul' Meg Mill,
Far kent as 'Birlin' Meg,'
Fae Persie to the mou' o' Feugh
Nane got a gryter fleg.
Her liefu' lane in her wee hoose
She span the thread like Fate,
Till splash against her ain kailyard
She heard the muckle spate.
'Preserve's! and guide's! fat's this?' cried Meg,
'The kelpie seer eneuch !
He's never met wi' sic a spate
Sin' ever Feugh wis Feugh ;

It's clean owregaen him in his pot,
An' fairly forced to flee,
He's come to howff in my kailyard,
Or scammle up a tree.
'An' glaid am I the coord'y klype
Has got's deserts for ance,
To punish him for fleggin' bairns,
An' folks fa live them lanes.
But, safe me ! I maun haud my tongue,
For gin the klype come ben,
He'll harl me awa' at ance
To Satan's fiery den.'
An' here sic fears assail'd her min',
O' kelpie, spate, and deil,
That fae her fingers drapt the thread,
An' ceased the birlin' wheel ;
Her hairt lap fairly till her mou',
An' thumpit like a drum ;
She heard anither splash, and thocht
Her hinner en' had come ;
She luiket but, she luiket ben,
To window and to door,
An' aye she heard the ither splash,
An' aye the ither roar.
She luik't to window and to door,
But dared na ventur' oot ;
She scammilt to the rantle-tree,
An' warstlt i' the soot.
Wi' a' her micht an' main she tried
To lift the timmer lum,
In hopes o' creepin' through the hole,
But oot it wadna come.

She cudna warstle through the lum,
Nor through the divot reef;
O' a' the ills that e'er cam' doon,
That nicht's were seer the chief.
She reestit o' the rantle-tree
Till it wis braid daylight:
Then doon, an' startit for the hills,
Ye ne'er saw sic a sicht.
'Noo, faur ye gyaun?' quo' Cammie's herd;
Quo' Meg, 'To Clochnaben;
Rin, laddie, rin, an' leave yer beasts,
The wordle's at an en'!
The days hev come fan Scriptur' says
The fouks in toons fa be,
Sall leave their hames an' wor'dly gear,
An' to the mountains flee.
Rin, laddie, rin, an' dinna stan'
An' stare as ye were wud,
For Gweed forgie's, the sins o' men
Hev brocht a second flood.
Rin, laddie, rin to Clochnaben,
There's nae a glint to spare,
The angels micht rax doon for us
Gin we cud but get there.'

Fyfte the Third.

Shawin' the mishanters occurin' to Johnny o' Blackness,
to Davit o' the Toll o' Feugh, and to Watch o' Gellan,
alang wi' a fyow concludin' remarks by the author.

The lowe o' love hed fired the hairt
O' Johnny o' Blackness ;
The tryst wis set, an' he maun gang
To coort Achattie's Jess.
The flame that brent within his briest—
His first for maiden fair—
As fiercely as a rozet log
On winter hearth did flare.
Nae water's wecht cud droon it oot
Till it hed droont himsel',
An' he wad mak' his wye to Jess
Though rain in buckets fell.
His muckle coat wis nearly new,
His beets were close an' thick,
He hed an airm wi' nerves like thairm,
A trusty aiken stick ;
Wis he to disappoint his Jess
For show'rs o' simmer rain ?
Ae kiss fae her were high reward
For nichts o' toil an' pain.
An' hoor intil Achattie's neuk
Wi' Jess upon his knee,
That very nicht his rich reward,
His taste o' bliss sud be.
Sic thochts as these, sic high resolves,
In Johnny's min' prevail,

As he in Blackie's kitchen sits,
An' sups his brose an' kail.
But when he buckles for the road,
An' comes to cross 'The Burn,'
It tak's him mair than oxter deep,
An' he is fain to turn.
'I daurna gang anither fit,
'Twere death an' naething less,
I winna risk to droon mysel'
Nae ev'n for sake o' Jess !'
So Johnny he crap hame agen,
In spite o' love's desire,
An' hang his dreepin' duds to dry
Aroon' the chaumer fire.
But sorra tak' the orra man !
He spread it far an' near,
That Johnny hed set out to court,
But turn't agen for fear.
He didna lat ae word escape
Aboot the awfu' nicht,
But made it seem that Johnny turn't
For pure an' simple fricht.
The story spread, the story grew,
It cam' to Jess's ears,
That Johnny cudna come to court
Because o' ghostly fears.
So slander't Johnny got the seck :
An' so it cam' to pass,
The millert o' Tillwhillie woo'd
An' mairret Johnny's lass.
My cousin Joseph made a sang
To saften Johnny's care,

An' I 'll insert a copy here,
For copies noo are rare.

Sang—' *Dowie Johnny.*'

' The laverock 's liltin' i' the lift,
The mavis i' the tree,
An' gatherin' gear wi' eident thrift,
I hear the honey bee.

' Fae hill an' dale an' leafy wood
Delightfu' ditties ring ;
Auld Nature, in her blithest mood,
Rejoicin' i' the spring.

' But foo do I, alang the Feugh,
Sae sadly, lanely stray,
An' think o' loupin' owre a heugh,
Like honest Duncan Gray?

' Like honest Duncan I've been cross't,
An' cross't in love fu' sair !
For me my Jessie's hairt is lost,
An' lost for evermair !

' The disty millert he 's the loon
That 's stown my gem awa' ;
O' a' the ills that e'er cam' doon
Nae harder ill cud fa' !

' My early love, my only ane,
That I believed sae true !
O' gin I were a bairn again
I think I wad boo-hoo !

' I weel cud greet, I weel cud ban,
But that sall never be ;
Whate'er his ills, a manly man
Wi' dauntless hairt will dree.

' I'll wuss the millert luck o' Jess,
An' whistle care awa' ;
The back o' ane may noo distress,
But prove the face o' twa.'

The tollman at the Brig o' Feugh,
He like't the drappie weel,
The night afore the spate he drank
Till he fell owre the steel.
For souter Spriggs and tailor Twist
Hed ca'd to ' weet their mou','
An' they an' Davit teem't the stoup
Till a' the three were fou ;
An' Davit, when his cronies left,
Aneth the table 'sank,
But for his nose ye nicht 'a' thocht
He 'd lost the vital spank.
His wife's attempts to wauken him
Owercam' her skill and mettle,
So wi' an unco fecht she row't
An' trail't him to the settle.
An' then her tartan plaid she threw
Abeen the snorin' sot,
An' wi' a grunt or twa aboot
' The hardness o' her lot,'
She fill't the eelie lamp wi' oil,
Pat in a rashen wick,

Made doors an' windows but an' ben
As fest as they cud steek,
Pat i' the fire a risten-clod,
Drew up the asse atap,
Then slowly up the stairs to bed
Wi' weary steps she crap.
She gaed to bed, but nae to sleep,
For aye the rain cam' doon,
An' aye the Feugh gaed rairin' past
Wi' lood an' looder soun',
Abeen the brig, abeen the brae,
Up to the window sole
The water raise, an' filter't in
At ilka cranny hole.
The water roun' the settle plashed
An hoor ere brak o' day ;
The tollman wauken't up an' bawl't—
' Fair play ! my boys, fair play !
I winna drink anither drap !
My head is like to rive,
An' gin ye jilp it doon my throat,
Then you an' I 'll strive.
An' mair nor that, ye've droon't the drink ;
The fushion o't is oot.
It's caul, it's weak, it's waur, I say,
Nor water fae the spoot.'
Aul' Eppie here cam' doon the stair
Else Davit had been droon't,
An' when she saw the state o' things,
In fac' she nearly swoon't.
' O Davit, we're in sic a spate
As never yet cam' doon ! '

Come up the stair, ye senseless gowk,
Unless ye want to droon.
Ye drunken, doitet ne'er-do-weel,
Come up the stair at ance !
Ere I come at ye wi' a rung
An' brak yer lazy banes !
Fat ever keeps ye ficherin' there ?
Ye're either fey or daft ;
Gin there be safety i' the hoose
It's i' the eemest laft.
That I wis left to mairry you—
O weary fa' the day !
But yet I dinna want ye droon't—
Ye're a' the man I hae !'
An' there, owermaister't by her grief,
A tear ran doon her nose ;
She micht 'a' ventur't to the deece,
But Davit, pechin', rose,
An' stoitet forret, sair perplex't,
Through water three feet deep,
Scarce kennin' gin he wis awauk
Or dreamin' fast asleep,
Till Eppie got him by the tap
An' pu't him up the stair.
Quo' Davit then, ' I'm wauken't, wife,
Lat go my puckle hair !
I'm wauken't, wife ! lat go my hair !
Ye're lowsin't at the reet !'
Quo' Eppie than, ' Come up the stair,
Ye gweed-for-naething breet !'
Nor farther sall the Muse relate
Fat passed atween the pair,

But neepers always blamed the spate
For thinnin' Davit's hair.

Peer breet, the dog o' Gellan gaed
Wi' Tam to Brig o' Feugh,
He spies a stick come soomin' doon,
Ae word fae Tam's aneuch,
An' in springs Watch to fetch the stick,
An' tulzies lang an' sair,
But in a swirl he sinks at last,
We saw him never mair.
A dowie, dowie loss to me,
An' to my brither Joe,
I do believe 'twis full a raith
Ere we owerca'm' the blow,
For aye when we to Gellan gaed
Peer Watch wis at the door,
An' waggit's tail and lickit's chafts,
An' gambols made galore,
As gin he wud 'a' said, 'Step in,
I'll follow gin ye please,
An' eat the mealocks ye lat fa'
Fan ye get bread an' cheese;
For bread and cheese ye're sure to get,
A drink o' milk as weel,
An' mealocks ye'll lat fa' for me,
Else I hae tent my skeel.
Step ben the hoose; yer auntie's in,
An' sae's yer cousin Bell;
They're i' the kitchen trockin' baith,
I saw them there mysel'.

Step in, my bairns, an' get a piece ;
At Gellan we hae raff'.
Tak' doon the the aul'est kebbock, Bell,
An' cut them knievlocks aff.'
Nae wunner then though Joe an' I
Owre Watch made muckle main,
An' mis't him sair at Gellan's door
When we gaed back again.

But still the spate made some amends,—
We captured troots an' eels,
An' noo an' than a protty grilse
For weeks amo' the peels.
Fae brak' o' day till fa' o' nicht
Along the haughs we ran,
An' skilpit barefit i' the peels,—
O sirs, but it wis gran' !
Ye sud' 'a' seen us wade an' plash,
An' heard oor shouts ring oot
When we espy't a siller grilse,
Or muckle yallow troot.
O sirs, it gars me haud my head,
To think upo' the time ;
It chokes my voice, it blin's my een,
It drives me aff my rhyme.
An' sae sic samples maun suffice,
For mair ye mauna luik,
Since ane fa scarce can sing a sang,
Wud ill mak' up a buik.
' Sic samples,' faith, I fear my Muse
Has run at railway speed,

An' fyow her 'samples' may peruse,
An' fyower buy her screed.
An' sae I'll en' as I began—
In Scotlan's boun's sin' syne,
We hinna hed anither spate
Like auchteen twenty-nine.

THE BODIE FAE BIRSE'S TALE.

Exordium.

THE Bodie fae Birse sat doon on a stane,
Wi' his sneeshin-mull in his neive,
'An' they're gane!' he said, 'my cronies are gane,
An' I've little langer to live.

'We drap like leaves fae the autumn trees,
An' ithers spring up in oor place,
Again to wither an' pass wi' the breeze,
While Time continues his race.

'Peer aul' Francie Gibb lies under yon knowe,
Thick covered, like ithers, wi' girse;
When I was a laddie his like i' the Howe
There wasna ae tailour in Birse.

'When he deet I made his bit epitaph thus,
An' thocht he nicht get a bit stane;
But only owre wealth the warl' mak's a fuss,
Owre decent peer folks it mak's name.

EPITAPH.

*"Aneth this knowe lies Francie Gibb,
A man esteem't by frem'd an' sib;
For threescore years, wi' sicker steeks,
He made oor fathers' fathers' breeks,
Syne ged faur you an' I are joggin',
But left a weel replenished moggin'."*

'Anent this same moggin I made a bit screed,
 An' thocht to hae put it in print,
 But I'll leave it wi' you, gie it ithers to read,
 Gin ye think that there's onything in 't.'

It's lang sin' the Bodie fae Birse was laid doon,
 Nae far fae his frien' Francie Gibb;
 An I've printit his 'Screed,' as I think I was boun';
 May it pleasure the frem'd an' the sib.

THE BURNIN' O' FRANCIE GIBB'S HOOSE:

OR

THE STORY O' THE MOGGIN.

I mind it weel, I was a loon
 But barely turn't o' ten;
 My father hed a hoose in Birse,
 A decent but and ben;
 Aul' Francie Gibb lived owre the burn,
 A tailyour to his trade,
 My father's claes for forty years
 By Francie Gibb were made.
 Nae 'Howe' nor 'Simpson' Francie eesed,
 He kent o' nae sic leems;
 Nor hed he Fashion's newest cut,
 But sicker were his seams;
 An' Francie's wife, aul' Eppie Gibb—
 I min' the bodie weel—
 To eke their sober livin' oot
 She kept a sort o' skweel,

An draggit's through our A B C,
The Proverbs, an' fat not ;
Nae fyoe hed Eppie Gibb to thank
For a' the lear' they got.
She cudna write, she cudna count,
But weel cud read an' spell.
I got the grun-wark o' my lear'
Fae Eppie Gibb mysel' ;
An' though I warstled noo an' than
Wi' crabbit Scripture chiels,
Or ca'd them ither names than those
O' newer-fangled skweels,
Afore I gaed fae Eppie Gibb
I cud hae gien ye clair
The Catechis fae en' to en',
An' maybe something mair.
Aweel, aul' Eppie weer awa',
For Death's impartial knocks
At doors o' learned dames will ca'
As weel's at simple folks'.
An' Francie Gibb, a dowie man,
Hed lived his liefu' lane
For something mair than half-a-year,
Sin' his gudewife was ta'en.
I canna tell the day an' date,
But Lammas Fair was by,
The weather hed been byous warm,
An' everything was dry.
Aul' Francie's wis a thackit hoose,
The shoppie i' the en' ;
He hed a seet or twa to mak',
An' orra things to men'.

Cross-leggit on his boord he sat,
An' plied the eident steeks,
For Faulie's dother hed ca'd in
To wyte her father's breeks.
When Francie a' at ance lap up,
An' cried, 'The lum's alowe!
Gweed safe me! gin the thack sud catch
'Twill burn like tarry towe!
An' Faulie's dother aften said,
Though prodded wi' a sword,
He cudna gien a gryter start,
Nor quicker cleared the boord.
He didna gie ae thocht to claith,
Nor yet to finished claes,
Nor rin for water to the burn
To droon the spreadin' blaze;
But ben the hoose he flew like wud,
His length at ilka sten',
Although his age was little less
Than threescore years and ten.
An' Faulie's dother noo took fleg,
Her hairt lap till her mou',
An' owre the burn, an' up the brae,
To Souter Bain's she flew.
The souter bang't a beet aside—
A blucher o' the Laird's—
He cudna shawn it less respec'
Though it hed been a caird's.
His bonnet wi' the scarlet tap,
That hang upo' the pin,
He pu'd upo' his shinin' pow,
An' dashed thro' thick an' thin;

My father chanced to be at hame,
He saw the blaze an' ran ;
The smith cam' tearin' doon the bog,
A bucket in his han',
The millert, an' the millert's man,
The fairmer o' the Howe,
An' Meerie's men took fit an' ran,
Whene'er they saw the lowe ;
An' herds, an' bairns, ye needna doot,
Forgather'd by the score,
Less gleg to len' a helpin' han',
Than share in ' sic a splore.'
Five buckets, an' an iron pail,
Twa tubs, an' cogs a curn,
Were soon at wark to droon the flames
Wi' water fae the burn.
The smith wis worth a score o' men,
He steed upo' the wa',
An' plashed the water owre the reef,
Till bairns cried, ' Hip, hurrah !'
He steed until we cudna see
His burly buik for reek,
He steed until the flames hed sung
The whiskers on his cheek.
He steed until a burnin' bauk
Cam' crash upo' his queet,
An' burnt it to the very bane,
In spite o' hose an beet.
An' then my father took his place;
But strange eneuch to say,
The wily souter bore awa'
The honours o' the day !

The smith rushed richt amo' the fire,
An' droon't it like a spate,
The souter scarcely daur't to stan'
Faur 'twas a kin' o' het.
But then he was the richest man,
An' wagged a wily tongue,
An' so the praises o' his deeds
Were loodest, widest sung,
An' I hae aft observed sinsyne,
'Mang folks o' gryter mark,
Pretension carry aff the prize,
While merit work't the wark.
Upon a stane, weel oot o' scaith,
The wily souter sat,
An' cried, ' My boys, rin here ! rin there !
My man, dee this, dee that.'
An' when the flames began to fa',
' We've saved the hoose,' quo' he,
' There wadna been a rammack left,
An't hadna been for me.
The thack and divots o' the shop
Were hardly worth a thrum,
An' twa three shillings wud repair
The couples an' the lum.
We've saved the hoose, but keep's an' guide's !
Fat's come o' Francie Gibb ?'
An' here a dowie grane brak' oot,
Alike fae frem'd an' sib :
' Peer Francie's dead, I'll wad my head,
O sirs, it's my opinion
We'll get 'im smored amo' the reek,
Or roasted like an onion !'

Wi' that the multitude brak' in,
Ye ne'er saw sic a steer,
Ye cudna see yer thoom for reek,
An' scarce ae word cud hear.
But yet I ventured ben the hoose,
An' in a chair I saw 'im,
Wi' face as fyte as ony cloot,
Nae dead, but in a dwaum.
'He's dead!' cried ane, 'He's nae!' cried I,
'I saw his fingers woggin';
He's hidin' something in his briest.'
Cried Nanny Reid, 'A moggin!'
'Come, lift 'im oot and gie 'im air,
I think he'll seen come roun'.
Quo' Nanny Reid, 'That's wisely said;
There's wisdom i' the loon!'
They carried Francie to the loan;
He maist gied life the slip,
But at the warst he never quat
That moggin fae his grip.
Fat cash was in 't was never kent,
A' sort o' tales were rife;
But this I ken that Nanny Reid
Wis shortly Francie's wife;
An' Francie lived but just a year,
A fitless dottled man,
But fat o' that?—aul' Francie's brass
Bocht Nanny a new pan.
She mairret ane o' half her age,
A chielie Robbie Wattie,
His forebears had a tackie ance
Upo' the Burn o' Cattie.

I kept my counsel to mysel'
While they through life were joggin';
But noo I 've gien ye 't crap and reet,
' The Story o' the Moggin.'

NEWS O' WATERLOO.

DONAL' GILLON wis a souter
Near the banks o' Feugh ;
Famous for his upper leathers,
Soles an' weltin' teuch.
Donal' Gillon liked the bottle,
Aften staggered hame,
Barely fit to keep the causey ;
Whisky wis to blame.
Aft kept honest Eppie sittin'
Girnin' against Fate—
' Weary drink,' and ' worthless Donal' '—
Till the nicht wis late.

Auchteen hunner an' fifteen—
It wis the year o' grace—
Donal' midst his tipplin' cronies
Held the highest place.
That, as ye may weel remember,
Wis a famous year ;
Bonaparte, escaped fae Elba,
Held the warld in fear,
Till the Iron Duke an' Blücher
Marched to put him doon :
Nocht save fearsome tales o' ' Bonny'
Ran the country roon ;

Mithers stilled their bairns wi' 'Bonny,'
Bairns at battles played;
Fae the Shetlands to the Volga
Sodgerin' wis the trade.

Donal's sons had baith enlisted,
Baith were wi' the Duke;
Donal' wis a politician,
Fu' as Hansard's buik;
Nichtly sat at Kirkie's alehouse,
'Mangst the rustics chief,
Makin' leagues, an' fechtin' battles,
Sair to Eppie's grief.

So ae evenin' by anither,
Near the tail o' June,
Thirst o' news an' thirst o' liquor
Donal' gaed to droon.
Eppie sat an' waitit Donal'
Till the hoor o' twa
Chappit on the faithful cuckoo
Hung against the wa'.

'Fat keeps Donal' at the Kirkton
Till this hoor?' cried she;
'Sure he is to spen' his siller
To the last bawbee!
O, wis ever honest 'oman
Foughten sae wi' man?
There!—at last I hear him comin',
Drunk!—'at I sud ban!'

Donal'—it wis nane but Donal'
Ficherin' at the sneck,
Eppie met him wi' a 'blessin',
Fat cud ye expec'?

' Eppie ! Eppie ! weesht,' quo' Donal',
 ' Weesht, an' dinna flyte,
I hae news will set ye singin',
 Dancin' wi' delight.
News, I tell ye postie never
 Brocht sic news fae toon !—
Wellington has met the Frenchmen—
 Bonnypairtie's doon.
Conquered i' the biggest battle
 Ever focht till noo ;
Conquered at a place—the postman
 Ca's it Waterloo.
Never wis there sic a battle
 Sin' the warld began ;
Never sae did cannon rattle,
 Tummel horse an' man.
Death, they say, was fairly gluttit,
 Fairly tent the breath,
Never wis so sair forfouchten
 Sin' his name wis Death.
Yet oor laddies, Rob an' Willie,
 Steed as stieve as stanes ;
Baith unwounded—here's the letter !—
 May be hame at ance !
Baith are like to be promotit,
 For it's written here—

“ We twa chased a score o' Frenchmen
Like a score o' deer ! ”

‘ Baith oor laddies ! baith oor laddies ! ’
Eppie here brak' oot,
Drappin' on the wooden settle
Fyter nor a cloot.
‘ Baith oor laddies hame unwounded !
Donal', haud my head,
Gin ye dinna want to see me
In a dwaum—or dead ! ’

‘ Dead ! ’ cries Donal' ; ‘ nonsense, Eppie,
Rise an' lat us dance,
Baith oor laddies safe ! promotit !
Bonny driven fae France ! ’

Donal' here began to caper,
Eppie scorned to luik,
Left her seat, an' fae the awmrie
Drew the blessed Buik.
Fae her pouch drew oot her glaisses,
Spelt a chapter through,
Then fell on her knees an' thankit
Heaven for Waterloo.

TAMMIE TOD'S TRIP TO ELGIN I' THE DAYS

O' LANGSYNE.

Part I.

'START at ance an' gang to Elgin,
Gweed preserve's!' quo' Tammie Tod ;
'Start at ance an' gang to Elgin ?
Tibbie, think upo' the road :
Ninety miles—mayhap a hunner—
Lie atween's an' Elgin toon ;
Think on that, an' count expenses—
Thirty shillings, I'll be boun' !
Wife, my langest wob o' wincey
Wadna cover a' the cost,
Nae to reckon up mishanters—
Wark at hame, an' custom lost.
It wad cost my wob o' wincey
Holus-bolus, warp an' waft.
Tak' the gait an' gang to Elgin !
Tibbie Smith, ye maun be daft !'

'Tammie ! Tammie ! stop yer blether,
Shaw yersel' a man o' pluck,
Rise for ance an' battle fortune,
Toil an' courage conquer luck.

Bailie Brodie is yer cousin,
Bailie Brodie's far fae weel,
Lyn' maistly i' the dead-thraw,
Past the doctor's drogs an' skeel;
Bailie Brodie he hes siller—
Hunners, thoosan's, fa wad ken?
He's nae bairns, an' bleed relations
Sibber than yersel' he's nane.

' Here's his letter: " Come to Elgin,
Though but seldom we hae met,
Bleed is thicker aye than water,
This the hert can no' forget;
When the nicht is darkenin' roond us,
When the fatal hoor is near,
Then the faces o' oor kindred
By oor side are doubly dear."
Tak' the gait an' gang to Elgin,
Weel ye'll think yer traivel wair'd
Gin ye get yer cousin's siller,
Hame return a bonnet laird.'

Mair wis said, an' Tibbie conquered,
Tammie Tod was forced to yield,
Turn his back on auld Drumslockit,
Dangers face by flood an' field.
Claid was he in honest hodden,
Woven in his ain true leem,
Made an' mounted by a tailyour
Far renoon't for sicker seam.
On his head his braid blue bonnet,
Centred wi' a crimson tap;

In his han' an aiken cudgel,
Fit to bide or gie a rap ;
In his purse twa poun's o' siller,
Won an' saved wi' muckle care,
While at hame his marrow, Tibbie,
Wisna a'thegither bare.
Yet less dootfu' Jason's sailors
Spread their canvas to the breeze ;
Fyour fears assailed Columbus
Entering never-traversed seas ;
Far less timorous Orpheus ventured
Doon to Pluto's dark abode,
Than oor hame-abidin' wyver
Started on his dreaded road.

' Wife,' said Tammie, ' I, a pilgrim,
Forth fae you an' a' my ain,
Farther forth than e'er I ventured,
Venture noo for hope o' gain.
Gin I fa' in some mishanter,
Never see Dramslockit mair,
I will dee the licht-herted
That I hinna left you bare.
Tibbie, ye will likely mairry '
(Here the tears blin't Tammie's e'e),
' Mairry gin ye want to mairry,
Dinna brak' yer hert for me.'

' Mairry gin I want to mairry ?
Plague yer sex ! 'at I sud ban ;
Gin ye fail me, ne'er sall Tibbie
Slave to please anither man.

Gang yer wa's, an' Gweed be wi' ye,
 Lead ye safely there an' back,
 Heir to Bailie Brodie's siller,
 Countin' poun's for ilka plack.'

Thus set Tammie oot for Elgin,
 Aifter Bailie Brodie's gear ;
 Hoo he prospered on his journey,
 Gin ye listen, ye sall hear.

Part II.

Owre the Cairn o' Month gaed Tammie,
 Through Glendye, an' past Fytstane,
 Through Kincardine, an' past Auchlossan,
 Ere the first daylight hed gaen.
 Then, fit-sair and unco weary,
 Aifter nicht hed sattl't doon,
 Luikin' for a decent hostel,
 Lichtit he on Knappyroon.
 Here forgathered wi' a couper—
 Geordie Lowrie was his name—
 Drinkin', leein', cheatin' Geordie,
 Up to ony sort o' game.
 Geordie was gaen north to Huntly,
 Hed a shawlt or twa in han',
 Wud set Tammie on a beastie
 Quater nane in Scottish lan'.
 Tammie Tod was now in clover,
 Trusted Geordie like a brither,
 Drew his purse, an' spent oongrudgin'
 First ae shillin', syne anither.

Then oonkent was Forbes M'Kenzie,
Yet oonframed his 'Closin' Ac';
Folks nicht drink fae early mornin'
Till anither morn cam' back.
Couper Geordie sae hed drunken,
Helter-skelter, nicht an' day,
While he fand in simple Tammie
Dupe wi' will an' cash to pay;
But oor traiveller fae Dramslockit,
Less accustomed to the drink,
Likewise wi' his tramp forfouchten,
Soon began to yawn an' blink,
Drapt his airms upo' the table,
Drapt thereon his sleepy head,
Ceased to speak, began a snorin',
Was by Knappy harl't to bed.

Fair the mornin' sun was shinin',
Fair an' far on hill an' plain,
Ere the licht o' waukenin' reason
Dawned again on Tammie's brain.
'Faur on earth am I?' cried Tammie,
'Foo on earth did I come here?
Fat wye are my legs sae crampit?
Fat wye is my head sae queer?
Oh, I min', I'm gaen to Elgin,
Cam' the streen to Knappyroon,
Spent thereafter twa fyte shillin's
Drinkin' wi' a couper loon;

So the day my heid is splittin',
So I've noo a lichter purse,
Plague on that confoonit fusky,
Lang hes it been Scotland's curse !'
Here wi' face like ruddy Phœbus,
Standin' in the cloodless sooth,
Glaiss in han' the couper entered,
Words o' comfort in his mooth.
'Drink,' quo' he, 'this glaiss o' bitters,
Better physic ne'er was tried.
They're the vera best o' doctors,
Drink them aff an' binna fleyd.'

Tammie drank as was directed,
Though the water filled his e'en,
Drest himsel' an' gaed to breakfast,
Yet wi' unco hang-dog mien.
Then the couper, seasoned barrel,
Shawed him weel the wye to cram,
Sweelin' doon his ample solids
Wi' an aft-repeated dram.
Then he got his beasties ready—
Moniments o' skin an' bane,
Set himsel' upo' the stootest,
Tammie on the frailest ane.

'Decent beast,' observed the couper,
'Ance the minister's o' Foveran,
Worth a five-poun' note, or near it,
Though I bocht him for a sovereign.
Keep yer han' weel on his bridle,
Haud his nose weel i' the air,

For the creetur', lang priest-ridden,
Aften kneels to say a prayer.'

Thus on their respective chargers,
Fae the door o' Knappyroon,
Owre the hill an' doon through Cushnie,
Rade the pair to Alford toon.
Here they fand anither hostel,
Entered in to weet their mou's,
Tammie paid, and fain hed Geordie
Sattl't till a lang carouse.

But oor traiveller still cried ' Forret !'
Fast the precious moments fled,
He nicht come owre late to Elgin,
Bailie Brodie nicht be dead,
Micht hae willed awa' his siller
Till anither than himsel' ;
Gi'en't to chapel, kirk, or almshouse,
Skweel, or college—fa could tell ?
Geordie, surly, ill-contented,
Baffled o' 's expected spree,
Past the Kirk o' Tullynessle
Rade, wi' mischief in his e'e.
Hoddin' on through Tullynessle,
Up the hichts an' doon on Clatt ;
Wi' a seat nae unco sicker,
Tammie, upo' Foveran sat ;
Till, where at the road was steepest,
Couper Geordie loot his stick
Drap on Foveran's hinner hurdies,
Wi' an unexpected lick.

Forret sprang the frichtened beastie,
Tript its fit upon a stane,
Fell, an' owre its head flew Tammie,
Brakin' s nose an' collar-bane !

'Gweed forgi'e my sins !' cried Tammie,
' Elgin I sall never see,
Bailie Brodie an' his siller
Baith may gang to Banff for me ;
Tibbie Smith within oor dwallin'
Noo may rule withoot a check,
Here her Tammie, fairly foonert,
Lies wi' broken niz an' neck !
Water ! gie me water, couper !
Cut my gravat wi' yer knife,
Tak' me to a Christian biggin',
Fetch a doctor while there's life.

' Fetch a doctor !' cried the couper,
' Doctor for a tumble an' scrat !
A' my born days I never,
Never heard the like o' that !'
' Tumble an' scrat ! May Gweed forgie ye,
Hertless man !' quo' Tammie Tod,
' But ye'll girn through hempen gravat
Gin I dee upo' the road.'

Tammie's face turn't noo sae ghastly
That the couper took affricht,
Rade like win', an' got assistance
Fae the nearest toon in sicht.

Thither on a twa-han' barrow
Luckless Tammie Tod was borne,
There for twenty days a beddal
Lay, his sad mishap to mourn.

Then, whenever he got fitted,
Warselt through to Elgin toon,
Though his scarce-cemented collar
Gae him mony a painfu' stoun'.
Bailie Brodie, dead an' buried,
Hedna left his gathered gear
To his cousin, simple Tammie,
But to wily Nellie Weir!

Nelly Weir hed served the Bailie
Fae the year he lost his wife,
An' he ne'er wis better tented,
Better managed a' his life.
Elgin gossips said that Nellie
Kept the Bailie weel in han',
Made him like a trained retriever—
Fetch an' carry at comman';
Never parlour, never kitchen,
Enter wi' undichtit feet,
Think faur he hang coat or bonnet,
Left a paper, book, or seat.

Years the Bailie hed been dowie,
Lang an unco han'fu' till 'er,
But she kept awa' relations,
Nursed him weel, an' got his siller.

Tammie got a shabby something,
Scarce fat paid his doctor's bill,
Nae to mention those who nursed him
Through his sair and weary ill :
Fairmer folks were they whase labour
Didna overfill their cup,
Yet they ne'er to gangrel bodie
Grudged a passin' bit and sup.
'Gang yer wa's,' quo' they to Tammie ;
'Gin ye come the gait agen,
Ca', although ye sudna fesh us
Either niz or neck to men' ;
Ca' an' see us, ye'll be welcome,
What ye've got we winna miss't ;'
Yet their decent names hed never
Swallt a lang subscription list.

Tammie warselt hame to Tibbie,
In his person far fae stoot,
In his pouch just forty shillings
Peerer than when he set oot.
'Tibbie, here am I !' cried Tammie,
'Martyreesed, as ye may see,
Neist time I gang fortune-huntin'
Twa sins i' the lift sall be.'

DROWNED IN THE DEE:
A BALLAD OF BANCHORY-TERNAN.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

Che Sarà Sarà.

Some time early in the nineteenth century, young Russell of Blackhall, on the Dee, near Banchory-Ternan, was drowned in some such mysterious manner as that attempted to be set forth in the following ballad. I often heard the story of his fate when I was a boy, but the particulars have mostly escaped my memory, and on a recent visit to Deeside I could meet with no one to tell me much more than I myself remembered, only I was confirmed in the belief that in the minds of the natives the unfortunate affair was invested with more of mystery and romance than I have been able to give it.

THE snows on the distant Grampian hills
Dissolved in the breath of May ;
To rivers swollen the trickling rills
Swept lashing the granite grey.

Through every hollow a torrent roared
Adown to the roaring Dee,
Who swept his valleys, resistless lord,
From Ballater on to the sea.

Many a tree, by the roots uptorn,
To the mighty ocean sped ;
Many a meadow of sprouting corn
Was a mimic ocean's bed.

And ever the roaring waters rushed
From the mountains and the glens,
Till cowering larks their warblings hushed,
And foxes fled to their dens.

‘Beware the river,’ the lady cried,
To her handsome, headstrong son,
‘Beware of trusting its waters wide
Till this awful spate be run.’

‘The spate!’ said the youth, and laughed aloud,
But his laugh had a boding ring,
‘How long am I to be curbed and cowed,
And tied to an apron-string?’

He turned on his heel and left the spot,
With a haughty air and stride;
But he bent his steps to the woods, and not
To the dreaded river’s side.

And the mother went to her household cares,
In her heart right well content,
For little she heeded her darling’s airs,
When she saw how his steps were bent.

‘This fierce impatience of leading-strings
Is doubtless all for the best;
My pretty bird is feeling his wings,
And tires of the parent nest.

‘And a bird of powerful wing he’ll be,
And lofty will be his flight,
A wonder and joy to more than me,
If I read his future right.

' Ah! soon or late, the young and the old,
The parent and child must part,
But few can cling with a closer hold
Than mine to a parent's heart.

' I've chafed him now with my foolish fears
In one of his wayward moods,
But yet, when he saw my starting tears,
He turned his steps to the woods.

' I dread, and he knows that I dread, the Dee,
For thrice I have dreamt of late
That a lifelong grief would come to me
All through the river spate.

' My darling laughs at my boding dream,
And myself would fain do so,
But yet he turns away from the stream
To pleasure my whim, I know.

The mother's heart was elate with hope,
And her eyes were bright with joy,
In the wide, wide world there was barely scope,
She deemed, for her gifted boy.

And he—he turned his steps to the woods,
And set him down on a stone,
But ever he saw the sheen of the floods,
And ever he heard their moan.

He tried to whistle, he tried to sing,
And vainly he tried to think,
Till drawn and drawn by a viewless string,
He strolled to the river's brink.

How wide was the river ! how smooth and fair
Was the well-known Coble Pot !
A man, a boy, an infant might dare
To row in that favoured spot.

Was it water-wraith or kelpie's spell
That lured him into the boat ?
Nor I nor any on earth can tell
What madness set him afloat.

But this is sure, that he loosed the band
That bound the boat to the shore,
And sure it is that he pushed from land
And reached it alive no more.

The 'Pot' was smooth, but the current strong,
And its all-resistless might
Impelled the boat along and along,
Till the rapids raged in sight.

A peasant saw, with a shriek of fear,
The boat in the rapids leap,
And far beneath in her mad career
Uprturned to the ocean sweep.

'Twas thus that the heir of the Hall went down
In the rapids of the Dee,
And over his body the waters brown
Swept on to the raging sea.

Ah, many a weary week went by
Ere his marred remains were found,
And wet for him was many an eye
In the country far around.

But who hath the pencil, pen, or tongue,
May tell the grief at the Hall ;
Or say how long to the parents clung
That sorrow shadowing all.

For me, I cannot depict their woe,
When struck by a loss so great ;
Nor reckon the years so sad and slow,
Till they bowed their heads to Fate.

They passed from the Hall, from the earth away,
With their grief and sterling worth,
And after them lingered many a day
Their memories here in the North.

But few of the peasants now alive
Can this tragic tale relate,
Or care with the fading past to strive
On matters of fact and date.

They, too, have passed, or they leave us fast,
While strangers gather around,
Perchance I gleaned my facts from the last
Who lived when Russell was drowned.

'Tis long since the Hall had other lords,
But escutcheons left declare,
With their motto of three Italian words,¹
That the Russells were masters there.

¹ Notably at the principal entrance to the extensive grounds of Blackhall, a goat (the Bedford Crest) with the motto *Che Sarà Sarà* under, still stands over the arched gateway.

THE SOUNIN' O' THE KIRK :

*Being some account of that ceremony as the same took place
during the Restoration of the Parish Church of
Bobbintap, in the year 18—.*

Pairt the First.

It fell about the tail o' hairst—
The year we needna min'—
The craps were maistly i' the yard,
But still the days were fine.
The clover an' the aiftergirse,
The neeps an' kail were green ;
An' nicht by nicht, wi' siller licht,
Sailed roon the hairvest meen.
The fairmer and the fairmer's man
Alike were blithe an' gay,
Rejoicin' in the walie craps
O' barley, aits, and hay.
A mair contented peasantry
Than we o' Bobbintap,
There wisna then, there isna yet,
On natur's ample lap.
An' I aver oor pairis' folks,
Sin' ever Dee has run,
Surpass'd by nane in human ken
For hairmless, rural fun.

For pipers, an' for fiddlers, we
Hed aye a gryte renoon ;
An' we could improveese a dance
At ilka ither toon.
For weel oor lads an' lasses kent
The gait to fit the floor ;
An' mairrit men an' wives, I wat,
To join them werena sweer.
A minister o' Bobbintap
Composed a canty spring ;
An' he fa figures in this tale
Cud ance hae danced a fling.
But at the time whereof we treat
His health began to dwine,
Or fechts wi' non-intrusion faes
Hed kin' o' soor't his min'.
At onyrate the honest man
Hed learnt to luik askance,
An' fae the poopit set his ban
Upo' the 'midnicht dance.'
But vainly did he sermoneese,
An' warn us to amend ;
For only time himsel' cud change
A custom sae engrained.
Oor youngsters sware they werena born
To be a parson's thralls,
Nor wis there i' the Catechis'
Ae word forbiddin' balls.
King Dauvit danced wi' a' his micht
Afore the holy ark ;
Fat hairm did they to shak' a fit
In frolic aifter dark ?

Atween oor minister an' us
Nae ither feud wis kent,
Nor half a dizzen o' oor folks
To non-intrusion leant.
Though "brimstone Johnny" fyles cam' roon,
An' didna spare his breath
To prove to us faur 'Moderate' souls
Were sure to gang at death,
We disbelieved in Johnny's richt
To fix oor future lot,
An' to oor nain aul' Pairis' Kirk
We kept oor nain jog-trot.
But yet the non-intrusionists
Made nae a little soun',
An' braw new kirks sprang faist and thick
Throughoot the country roon.
Oor kirk hed but an earthen fleer,
The seats were black an' rough,
Agen the wa' the poopit leant,
A big uncomely trough.
In fac', we a' began to feel
Oor kirk wis sic a place
As ane cud hardly sit intil
An' think o' heavenly grace.
An architect' fae Aberdeen
Condemned the hale affair,
An' forced the grippy lairds, at last,
To set aboot repair.
So aifter mony pros an' cons,
They sattl'd to provide
A partial rigin' for the Kirk,
An' wholly new inside.

The sclaiters, plasterers, an' vrichts—
Fa hed the job in hand,
Were boordit roon aboot amon' 's,
An' soudert wi' us gran'.
'A set o' hairy, harmless chiels,'
My mither eest to say,
'Aye ready for the sport at nicht,
An' for their wark by day.'
The tane wad tell a funny tale,
The tither sing a sang,
An' fyles at Allan's owre a gill
An evenin' wisna lang.
Fleet flew the days, an' merry nichts ;
The tail o' hairst cam' roon ;
The riggin' steed upo' the kirk,
The timmer fleer wis doon.
Losh, sic a splendid dancin' fleer !
Sae smooth, sae lang, sae braid !
The thocht flashed through ilk gazer's min',
An' wadna rest unsaid.
At first we only hintit it
In whispers to oor joes ;
It spread till reverend grannies felt
A twinklin' i' their toes.
O were the minister fae hame,
Or faur he cudna hear,
A hunner pairs o' nim'le feet
Sud trip that walie fleer !
But wae's my hairt, the manse wis close,
Sae close to the kirkyard,
That fae the kirk in seelent nicht
A whisper micht be heard.

Na, na, we needna think upon 't,
A chance we wadna get
Upo' that walie, temptin' floor
A dancin' fit to set.
Fan last, faur least expectit, cam'
To us a helpin' han',
Fae fa but just fae Robbie Reid,
The minister's nain man?
For Robbie an' the minister
Hed neither o' them wives,
An' they hed been like heft an' blade
The feck o' baith their lives.
Fan Robbie first cam' to the manse,
Then Geordie, but a bairn,
Wis aften danced on Robbie's knee.
An' nursed wi' kin' concern.
Fan George a stoodent cam' fae toon,
Forfochen wi' his buiks,
'Twis Robbie Reid fa got him wan's,
An' buskit's trootin' huiks.
Fan George becam' the minister,
An' Robbie Reid the man,
Then Robbie took the minister
An' pairis' baith in han'.
The pairis', minister, an' glebe.
He tentit day an' nicht,
An' in his nain opinion kept
'The hale hypothec richt.'
An' 'twis the minister himsel'
That sairest taxed his skeel,
'He'll sit,' quo' Robbie, 'at his buiks
Until he's rael unweel ;

An' fan he gangs faur buiks are sell't,
He aye brings hame a box,
An' then I scarce can get him oot
To catecheese his folks.
He's sae neglectfu' o' his health,
That, scholar though he be,
Ye wadna hae 'im lang the fore
Gin it were no for me.'
Noo, fan the kirk wis in repair,
The minister thocht weel
To gie his non-intrusion faes
A lick o' learned skeel.
'Tis no for me to criticeese
The product o' his brain,
But in a saxpence pamphlet he
Showed up their errors plain.
Five hunner prentit samples o't
Made nae a little steer,
The el'ers gat a copy each,
An' read it far an' near.
The paper folks fa prentit it
Declared that it was gran',
'An abler champion hedna taen
The Moderate cause in han';'
He'd rattled blows upon his foes
Like show'rs o' winter hail,
Nor for attack ae single chink
Hed left in a' his mail.'
An' nae a non-intrusion birk
Durst ventur' a reply,
But took the wiser coorse, to 'jook,
An' lat the jaw gang by.'

Fat wye they wan abeen the blow
Is mair than I can tell,
For troth the sair recoil upset
The minister himsel'.
Ye may be sure fan Robbie Reid
Observed his maister's case,
He wisna slow to speak his min'
Afore his maister's face.
'Deed, sir,' quo' he, 'ye're far fae weel,
That buik has worn ye oot ;
Yer legs hae grown like windle-straes,
Yer face as fyte's a cloot.
'Deed, sir, ye maun gyang to the sea—
At onyrate fae hame—
We'll dee without ye for a month,
Or else it were a shame.
The pairis' sall be luikit till,
We'se try an' keep it richt,
An' nae ae non-intrusion gled
Sall ventur' to alicht.
As for oor folks about the manse
Ye needna fash yer head ;
For ilka nicht I'se gether them,
An' hae a chapter read.
An' gi'e them o' the Sunday nichts
A mou'fu' o' a prayer,
For till the craps are sattlt up,
I daurna promise mair.'
An' so the minister agreed
To gyang a month awa ;
An' like a glint o' mornin' licht
The welcome tidin's flaw.

Pairt the Second.

Like wil'fire ran the welcome news,
But only the selec'
Were warnt anent the danein' ploy,
An' bid be circumspec'.
For though the shepherd wis awa,
We kent that Robbie Reid
Wad mair intently watch the flock,
An' bark on triflin' need.
But Robbie hed a failin', sirs—
Fat mortal man is free?—
Which micht be turned to oor account,
An' *wis*, as ye sall see.
Amo' the joiners wis a chiel,
They ca'd him Willie Ogg,
There wisna, amo' a' the lot,
A smairter, droller dog.
He gaed a-coortin' to the manse,
A deemie, Effie Dean,
An' he'd contrived, o' Robbie Reid,
To mak' an unco frien'.
For aft at Allan's i' the late
They drank a cosy gill,
An' fan' the lawin' cam' to pay,
The paymaister wis Bill.
'Twis nae that honest Robbie Reid
Wad drink awa his senses,
Or sit in public-hooses lang,
At ither folk's expenses.

But jist ae gill, or maybe twa—
Nae mair, upo' my oath—
He likeit weel, an' better still
Fan he cud drink for noth'.
This weakness Willie hed observed,
An' made it serve his job
Sae weel, that he cud Robbie drive
As Robbie drave 'the cob.'
The nicht the minister left hame
The trusty cronies met,
An' aifter Robbie hed described
The minister's ootset,
Quo' Willie, 'Robbie, ring the bell,
An' I will pay oor shot,
For we've a deal o' work' on han',
An' therefore I maun trot.'
Fat's a' yer hurry, Willie, man?'
Quo' Robbie wi' a smirk;
Quo' Willie musingly, 'Ye see,
We're gaen to soun' the kirk.'
'To soun' the kirk? Fat sorra's that?'
Spier't Robbie, sair perplext,
Fauron his waggish neeper thus
Enlarged upon his text:
'Ah, weel, fan we prepare the seats,
Afore we lay them doon,
We tak' the pitch throughout the kirk,
An' rectiffee the soun'.
The human voice oor "cork" believes
The only sicker test,
An' we hae yet to single oot
An' fix upo' the best.

We wadna fash the minister,
Because he wisna weel,
Besides, to ask for ooter help
Wad argue want o' skeel;
An' that oor foreman wadna like,
He's soun'it kirks himsel';
He has an ear as gleg's the tod's,
His voice is like a bell.
The gamut o' the human voice
Nane better kens than he,
He says it rins fae A to Z,
Instead o' A to G.
He means to mak' a buik upon 't,
Fanever he has time;
I've seen a sample o' the work,
An' think it's really prime.
This week he says we maun decide
Upon a soun'in' choir,
An' fifty voices at the least
Is fat we will require.
Fae fifteen up to thirty-five
The human voice is best,
As skeely men hae ascertained
By mony a clever test.
An' so o' lads an' lasses roun'
We'll need a score o' pairs,
To len' their voices for a nicht,
An' oors alang wi' theirs.
Though sometimes fan a kirk wis new,
Or in a muckle toon,
I've kent us hae a hunner pairs
To rectifee the soun'.

A hunner pairs fae set o' sun
Till mornin' dappled grey ;
For aye the job tak's place at nicht,—
It winna work by day.
An', ' added Willie, undisturbed
By conscientious qualms,
' We try the pitch by ither means
Than singin' hymns an' psalms :
By means that some micht think profane,
An' some declare absurd ;
But these are secrets o' the trade,
An' need the joiner-word.'
In wide-mou'd wunner Robbie sat,
While Willie swall't his head ;
Nor did he ventur' ae remark
Fan Willie's say wis said ;
But ere they pairtit promise gae,
To keep the maitter dark.
For Willie said, ' The like o' us,
Engaged aboot the wark,
Are boun' to tak' a solemn oath,
That ne'er to man nor maid
Sall we say ocht to jeoparddeese
The secrets o' the trade.
An' Robbie, man, I've tell't ye mair
Nor fat I sud hae deen,
Because I've come to reckon ye
A maist especial frien'.
Fan Willie tell't us fat hed passed,
We thocht his plans wad work ;
An' mony a lauch took we aboot
' The sounin' o' the kirk.'

We made a secret o' the nicht
On which we were to meet,
An' never breathed that we wad soun'
The kirk wi' dancin' feet.
At last arrangements were complete ;
The fatefu' evenin' cam',
An' Willie Ogg gat Robbie Reid
To Allan's to a dram ;
An fyles he egged him on to speak,
An' ither fyles to drink,
Till Robbie first began to glower
An' neist began to blink ;
An' than wi' drunken gravity
O' step, an' speech, an' face,
He staggered oot an' hame to bed,
For fear o' waur disgrace.
While slumbered Robbie o' the manse,
Forgetfu' an' forgot,
His fellow-servants donned their brows
An' joined oor merry lot.
Baith Effie Dean an' Janet Thow,
As soon's the coast was clear,
Anent their pairtners i' the kirk
Were timmerin' up the fleer.
That walie fleer ! A better ne'er
For sic a splore wis laid !
That fleer wis fifty feet in length
By sax-an'-thirty braid !
While fae the forebriest o' the laft
Faur noo the seats were doon,
Three bows fae well-accordit strings
Drew nae uncertain soun'.

As for the dancers—ye may guess
They werenae sweir nor slow
To beat the tunefu' measures oot
Wi' nim'le heel an' toe ;
For ruddy health an' soople limbs
An' hairts an' speerits licht,
An' love an' bravery combined
To gloriffee the nicht.
O days o' health ! O hopes o' youth !
O powers o' love ! how ye
Uplift the load o' human care
An' gar the minutes flee !
'Twis twal' o'clock, 'twis ane o'clock,
'Twis near the chap o' twa,
Fan, on a sudden, at the door,
A weel-kent face we saw.
Then legs uplifted, paralyzeed
In middle air remained,
An' feet upo' the floor were there
By leaden fetters chained.
The blithesome blink o' beauty's e'e
Becam' a stony stare,
An' sank in silence on the strings
'The merry lads o' Ayr.'
That face, it wis the minister's,
An' ne'er sin' I wis born
Hae I encountered sic a luik
O' sorra, wrath, an' scorn.
Wis it the minister indeed,
Or wis it but his ghaist,
Enraged to see the kirk profaned,
An' pairis' folks disgraced ?

O cud the worthy man be dead,
And noo—strange tale o' fear,
His ghaist, because o' oor misdeed,
In livin' shape appear?
Short time hed we to speculat'
On superhuman sights,
Afore the voice o' Willie Ogg
Cried, 'Men, pit oot the lichts!'
Nor swifter does the stormy clood
Drive owre the siller meen,
Than Willie's order was obeyed,
An' darkness ruled the scene.
And whether man or ghaist had come
To frown on oor exploit,
Be seer we didna stop to speir,
Nor ane on ane did wyte.
The vera lasses for themsel's
Were left at first to shift,
Deil tak' the hinmost, aff we flaw
As faist as legs cud lift.
O sic a scene!—I'll leave my frien',
The clever painter birk,
To mak' a pictur' o't, an' ca 't
'The scalin' o' the kirk.'
Ye'll speir fat wye the minister
Cam' hame at sic a time,
To catch us at a ploy to him
But little short o' crime?
Aweel, he hed been socht to preach
For some ane i' the toon,
An' wantit will or else convene
To write a sermon doon;

An' chancin' on a neeper's gig
To leave him at the gate,
To fetch a sermon he hed come,
An' landed i' the late.
Ye'll maybe spier fat vengeance fell
On oor unhaly heads,
An' gin we lap the pairis' boun's
To sleep in peacefu' beds?
Vexed to hae vexed the minister
Were we, ye needna doot,
An' scared eneuch lest he sud come
To fin' the fauters oot;
But yet we kent he hed been dazed,
Wis far fae gleg o' sicht,
An' got but just a glimmer o' 's
Afore he tint the licht;
An' gin we oor partic'lar names
Cud fae his Reverence hide,
The general wallop o' his tongue
We cheerfully wad bide.
But glaid eneuch am I to say
It wis oor lucky lot
To fa' withoot mishanter mair
Into the aul' jog-trot.
Faur we hed feared a lion fierce,
We fand a peacefu' lam'.
The minister his sermon took,
An' gaed the gaet he cam.
For wechty reasons o' his nain
He leet the maitter drap,
An' closely we oor counsel kept,
We fowk o' Bobbintap.

.

MEERIE'S CHRISTENING.

WILLIE MASSIE i' the Meerton
Fairmer twenty years had been,
Fifteen siminers had been mairrit
Till a kibble cantie quean ;
Yet nae bairn had ever blest them,
Muckle to their joint regret,
Till upo' their saxteenth winter
Hope wi' full fruition met.
Then within their cleanly kitchen
Rocked a cradle sure enough,
Owre an heir, a comely callant,
Blithely Willie Massie leuch.
Mary Massie owre her little 'n
Hang as gin her hairt wad birst,
Swelled by that mysterious glaidness
Mithers feel anent their first.
Sic a bonnie winsome little 'n
Surely never smiled on earth
Sin' the day that ither Mary
Ga'e her cherub infant birth.
Mary wrapped it in affection,
Loaded it wi' gowden hopes,
Oh, her mitherly devotion
Beggars metaphors an' tropes !

Roon the steadin' Willie fichert,
Makin' needless errands in,
Half a yokin' fae that little 'n
Half-an-hour could hardly win.
Nicht an' morn he kent it growin',
Luikin' up wi' brichter e'e;
' Certain sure wis he that little 'n
Mair nor ither folks' must be.
Stievely he himsel' wis stridin'
Up the stubborn steeps o' time,
Yet he saw their summits nearin',
Kent that he had reached his prime.
Doonward he wad soon be creepin',
Yet, supported by his son,
He a second lease o' Meerton,
Nigh a third, nicht live to run.
They wad drain the Laichs o' Cattle,
Trench the hichts o' Craggy Faul,
Feed wi' yird faur soil was sandy,
Warm wi' lime faur stiff an' caul'.
They wad big a better steadin',
Newer-fashioned hoose forbye,
Rear superior breeds o' beastial,
Poultry, piggery, sheep, an' kye.
They wad tak' the langest prices
For their tatties, hay, an' grain,
Cattle shows, an' ploughin' matches
Aye sud see them haud their ain.'
Doon, an' farther doon the future,
Meerie pushed his fancied schemes,
While the laddie, central figure,
Steed in a' his waukin' dreams.

Mary hed her speculations,
Different maybe fae her man's,
While unconscious in her bosom
Lay the subject o' their plans.
But in this they were united,
That the chrisnin' o' their heir,
As befitted sic a treasure,
Ought to be a gran' affair.
'Willie,' they wad ca' 'im 'Willie,'
'Fa cud hae a better claim,'
Said the mither, 'than the father
To our only infant's name?'
Name, an' day, an' date o' chrisnin'
Duly fixed atween the twa,
Guests were numerously invited,
Near at hand, an' far awa.'
Then were stoury trousers dusted,
Worn and fashionless renewed,
Eidently for wives an' lasses
Mantie-mackers shaped an' shewed.
Oot an' in aboot the Meerton
Preparations werena slack;
Never there were han's sae busy
Sin' the Meerton wis a tack.
Twenty things aboot the steadin'
Hed to undergang repair;
For the hoose, a hunner cetims
Needed Meerie's special care.
Beef an' mutton baith were wantit,
Geese an' turkeys, ducks an' hens,
Nae to mention foreign dainties,
Ill to get in Scottish glens.

Liquor cudna be forgotten,
 Whisky wis the staple drink,
 Single run for drams, for toddy
 Double stuffs to gar ye wink !
 Saw ye e'er in sunny August
 Bees to bloomin' heather byke ?
 Swarmed upo' the day appointed
 Guests to Meerie's chirsnin like.
 Saw ye ever bees a-castin'
 Buzz an' byke aboot their queen ?—
 Sae roon Meerie's little 'n gossips
 Buzzin', bykin' micht be seen.
 ' Fat a thrivin' bairn !' cries Nelly,
 ' Fat an airm, an' fat a leg !'
 ' O foo like his father !' Eppie ;
 ' O foo like his mither !' Meg.
 Ilka ane cud notice something
 Wunnerfu' aboot the bairn ;
 Ane wad gie't a single unco,
 Ithers load it wi' a cairn.
 ' Wheesht ! the minister is comin'.
 Here the gossips sattled doon,
 Just as swarms o' bees will saddle
 Gin ye gar the girdle soun' ;
 Ben the minister comes smilin',
 Speers for this ane an' for that ;
 Mak's o' weather, corn, an' cattle,
 Subjects for a general chat.
 By an' by his sacred duty
 Is performed midst pious awe.
 Screamin' in its mither's oxter
 Then the bairn is borne awa'.

Meerie fills the whisky-glasses—
Meerie's glasses are na shams—
Bids his guests a hearty welcome,
Bids them a' 'tak' oot their drams,'
Shortly denner wad be ready
Laid within the corn laft,
Carefully made clean an' cosy,
Free fae either damp or draught.
Gin there fell in coorse o' natur'
Mony little 'ns till his lot,
He wad hae to big a dwallin'
Fit for chirsnins an' fat not.
Here there follow jokes an' laughter
Rough an' ready in their kin',
But for that the better suited
To impress the rustic min'.
Happiness, like summer sunshine,
Lichtit up the hale concern,
When the mither blithely entered
Fae the beddin' o' her bairn ;
Then a servant whispers something ;
Meerie cries : ' The dinner 's ready :
Gentlemen, luik oot for pairtners,
Ilka ane lead oot a leddy.
Minister, as ye've ta'en Mary,
I'll tak' charge o' Mrs. Black,
Lead the wye an' lat' the nim'le
Set example to the slack.'
Quietly mairrit men an' matrons
Followed suit in couthie pairs,
While a tail o' lads an' lasses
Clam in bourachs up the stairs,

Lauchin', jokin', jostlin' ither,
Just as youths an' maidens do
When the maids are ripe for courtin',
Youths are fain but shy to woo.
Roon' the tables youths an' elders
Fand themselves in fittin' place,
When the minister arisin'
Solemnly pronounced the grace.
Here it's no the Muse's purpose
To describe the gran' *menu*,
But there wis in rich abundance
Meat an' drink for ilka mou';
Beef an' mutton fed on Meerton,
Poultry reared by Mary's han',
Neeps an' tatties, hale an' chappit,
Kail an' cabbage at comman',
Ale an' porter, kegs o' whisky,
Draps o' brandy too were there.
'That's yer denner, sirs,' cried Meerie,
'A' lay on an' dinna spare.'
A' laid on richt weel contentit,
Sparin' neither meat nor drink,
For the vievers were perfection,
Ilka guest wis boun' to think.
Dinner passed without mishanter,
Though the Muse is boun' to say
Forks an' futtles were to hantles
Leems nae handlet ilka day;
Though she maun confess that Gordie,
Warslin' wi' a hen or duik,
Didna aye dissect its corpus
By the rules o' fashion's buik;

Though she owns that Rob or Johnnie
Sometimes had the sair mishap
To let fa' a neep or tattie
In his Jean or Jessie's lap ;
Though she maun alloo that Kirkton
Drieve a chuckie owre the plate,
Lan'in' her into the oxter
O' the souter's clother, Kate ;
Though the wife o' Littlefirlot
Maistly clawed the souter's croon,
'Cause he lat a skelp o' gravy
Licht upon her saitin goon ;—
Fat were these but sportive trifles,
Ekes an' aids to further fun ?
But the waiters clear the tables,
Toasts an' toddy are begun ;
See the minister is risin',
' Fill your glasses, sirs,' cries he,
' Fill, an' drink to Master Massie,
Drink, and bumpers let it be ;
May the child whom we have christened
Long be spared to kith and kin,
Tread the sacred paths of duty,
Shun the devious ways of sin !
May the sicknesses of childhood
Pass, or lightly on him lie,
Serious ills of youth and manhood
Never come his dwelling nigh !
May his share of wealth allotted
Always be the golden mean,
In his house nor proud profusion,
Nor yet cringing want be seen ;

Neither prodigal nor miser,
May he use with prudent hand
Every increase of its bounty
Placed by Heaven at his command !
May his parents find contentment,
Countless blessings in their son,
Walk with him the world in gladness
Till their earthly course be run !
Him may children also honour,
Children's children's love attend,
While the blessings of a thousand
On his hoary head descend !
May whate'er is good be granted
And the graces now forgot
By benignant Heaven be added
To adorn and bless his lot !
Be this toast, or prayer, or sermon,
All will join with me, I think,
Now in hearty flowing bumpers,
Master Massie's health to drink.'
Need I say, the audience, rising,
Drank the toast with three times three ?
Need I say that thanks were stammered
Briefly and with moistened e'e ?
Toasts, an' sangs, an' stories followed ;
Supper sped the minutes' flicht,
Till the tae o' Friday mornin'
Pressed the heels o' Fiersday nicht.
Late indeed, an' laith to sinder
Were the guests at Meerton met,
Meerie's chrisnin' with survivors
Bides a pleasant time-mark yet.

A' the guests got hame in safety,
Though on their respective roads
Several met fat learned critics
Wad entitle 'Episodes.'

Mrs. Milne o' Littlefirlot,
Unca vexed about her goon,
Took an extra drap o' toddy
Strivin' to keep sorrow doon ;
Fand her head begin a-bizzin',
Thocht it best to creep awa',
Weltered hame through bogs an' hillocks
Aifter mony a weary fa'.
Lan't it late, an' sic a figure,
Bell, the servant, hardly kent her,
An' the Muse in a' her wallet
Hes na language fit to paint her !

Mr. Tawse, the pairis' teacher,
Borrowed Kirkton's shawl't to come ;
Gaen hame must try a gallop
Wi' the grieve o' Tillydrum,
Clean forgot a kettle corner,
Dobbin took it like the win',
But, alas ! he left the saiddle,
Dominie, an' a' ahin'.
Wichtly Dobbin reached the Kirkton,—
But the Dominie, alack !
Hed to tramp the weary distance
Wi' the saiddle on his back.

Waukie, on his cripple shawltie
Sleepin' sat at Aikin's Bar,
Till Aurora in the welkin
Dimmed the hin'most mornin' star.
When the Tollman cam' an' shook him,
'Oh!' cried Waukie, 'but it's caul'!
Wife, ye're keepin' a' the blankets,
Or they maun be single-fawl'!
'Fan did ye come here?' cried Tollie;
'Man,' quo' Waukie, 'here I am,
But for gowd I canna tell ye
Foo I'm here nor fan I cam'.'

Blenterin bodie Bogenfallow
Didna ken his ain courtyard,
Thocht it aye the road an' round it
Pushed his beastie lang an' hard,
Till at length he lost his balance,
Tummelt aff into the sty,
Snorin' lay amo' the litter
Till the sun wis i' the sky,
Wis discovered, through his snorin',
Just in time to save his skin,
For a pair o' hungry porkers
Had resolved on brackin' in.

Some aver that Staneyhillocks
Tint his sneeshin-mull an' grat;
Ithers say that Mains o' Muggarts
Beddit in his bran'-new hat;

But the Muse, o' soothfast story,
Carefully as best comports,
Toils to free for trustfu' readers
Sober facts fae gossips' orts.
How the Muse has wyled an' winnowed,
Toiled an' moiled to earn yer credit
Through this hale veracious story
See an' say when ye hae read it.

THE LAIRD O' LITTLEFIRLOT'S WOOIN'.

SAID the Laird o' Littlefirlot,
Sittin' in the twilight gloom,
Ere the evenin' lamp wis lichted
In his bien and cosy room,—
Said the Laird o' Littlefirlot,
While he sat 'im liefu' lane,
'Sin my lady mither left me,
Four-an'-twenty years hev gane,
Sin' her iron sway wis broken,
Not a day, a single hoor,
Hev I bent in weak submission
To a wilfu' woman's pow'r.
Yet 'twar pity Littlefirlot,
Wi' its acres braid an' fair,
Fan I'm gethered to my fathers,
Sud descend to female heir,
'Twis a sair mistak' o' natur',
Fan the human race began,
That she left to woman creatures
To continue noble man ;
But sin' sic hes been her pleasure,
We maun just obey her law,
Or like Mastodons an' Mammoths,
Be content to wear awa'.

Woman's wiles I've aye ootwitted,
Still hev bidden Hymen pass,
Yet afore that Littlefirlot
Sall devolve upon a lass,
I sall even gyang a-courtin',
Even fa' on bended knee,
An' beseech an 'oman creature
Littlefirlot's wife to be !
True it is, I'm nae a chucken ;
Sixty summers I hev seen
Sin' the worl' displayed its fairlies
To my openin' infant een ;
True it is, that sixty winters
May hev blanched an' thinned my croon,
That I'm something barrel-briestit,
Nearly sixty inches roon ;
Yet I'm herty, hale, an' ruddy,
Clear o' e'e an' firm o' fit,
Own'd at market, mill, an' smiddy,
Glib o' tongue an' gleg o' wit.
An' the acres ! ay, the acres !
They're the magnets that will draw !
Lat alane my bankit siller,
Lat alane this bonnie ha',
Faur's the doo, for here's the doocot ?
Faur's the bird, for here's the nest,
By mysel' an' forebears biggit,
Feathered fair for love or rest ?
Weel, I think I ken a thicket
Faur a canty cushie coos ;
Fat were wrang sud Littlefirlot
Gyang an' speir her pairin' views ?

Ere anither nicht sall Dobbin
Bear me to my doo's abode,
"Wings o' Love" I dar'na mention,
They wad brak 'neath sic a load.'

THE LAIRD'S OOTSET.

Mornin' dawned on Littlefirlot,
Just as mornin' dawned elsewhere,
Ev'n the Laird o' Littlefirlot
Hed nae private sun an' air,
Gat nae special wind an' weather
For his courtin' tour prepared,
But siclike as cottar bodies
Though he was the cottars' laird ;
An' he thocht the sun wis shabby
Nae to send a special ray
Doon on him an' Littlefirlot
Upon sic a special day ;
But the air wis damp an' dismal,
Murky clouds the sky owrecastr,
Bodin' to his min' that sunshine
Fae his social state had pass'd.
Sure the stormy sky abeen 'im
Boded forth the stormy life
That awaited Littlefirlot,
Sud he tak' 'imsel' a wife.
Yet fatever cares domestic
Dread discomforts nicht ensue,
Littlefirlot to his purpose
Wad adhere, like tenpence glue ;

'Twas a duty to his forebears
That their acres sudna pass,
Gin it lay in Littlefirlot
Till a smatchet o' a lass.
Sternly therefore Littlefirlot
Rade to matrimonial doom
While his hert within his bosom,
Sortit weel wi' Nature's gloom.
Saxteen stanes, apairt fae gearin',
Sat the Laird upon his beast ;
On his pow an ample beaver,
Cost a guinea at the least,
While a fingerin' worset gravet,
Carried comfort round his throat,
Shelter baith fae caul' an' cravin'
Lay within his ridin' coat,
Happin' half the buckskin breeches
Owre his ample hurdies drawn,
Half the beets o' Spanish leather
Risin' owre his ample brawn.
On his heels were spurs o' siller,
In his han' a ridin' whup,
Underneath him sturdy Dobbin
Bravely answered each 'Gee up !'
Sae bedeckt, an' sae in spirit
Sharin' Nature's autumn gloom,
Rade the Laird o' Littlefirlot
Forth to matrimonial doom.

THE LAIRD'S DESTINATION AND RECEPTION.

Cushie Dell aside the Deveron,
Though unkent to modern fame,
Ance ga'e bield to twa sweet spinsters—
Mary Meston was their name.
Mary Meston wis the auntie,
Mary Meston wis the niece,
Ane the ither did resemble
Close as shillin' florin-piece,
Fan the shillin' bears the impress
Newly stampit in the Mint,
But through tear an' wear the florin
Hes its early lustre tint.
Time had somewhat worn the elder,
Somewhat dimmed her virgin gloss,
Yet at teas and evenin' parties
Folks were often at a loss
To distinguish niece fae auntie,
Though the first wis twenty-three ;
An' the second ?—well, the second
Forty an' a bit micht be.
Some averred that 'Aul' Miss Meston'—
Fa can hinner gossips' clack,
Or the names that spitefu' limmers
Will ca' folks ahin' their back ?—
Some averred Miss Meston painted,
Some averred Miss Meston dyed,
Some averred Miss Meston padded,
Ithers sware the gossips lied.

'Twas a cheery even temper,
'Twas a life of ease an' fouth
That preserved the elder spinster
In the comeliness o' youth.'
Yet though charms o' purse an' person
Were the portion o' the twain,
On the gimmer hillock nathless
Did the elder still remain.
Rather say, remained secluded
In her bien an' cosy howe,
Watchin' owre anither's lammie
Fan she sud 'a' been a yowe ;
Micht in coorse o' chance an' nature
Hae hed lammies o' her ain,
Hed it been her will and pleasure,
For, to put the matter plain,
Often wad the elder spinster
Gie her frien's to understan'
That there wis na want o' merchan's
Eager for her hert an' han' ;
That she chose to tarry single
For her brether's orphan bairn,
Or for ither ample reasons
Which were only her concern.
Yet I own that noo Miss Meston
In her secret hert began
Plottin', schemin', an' contrivin'
How to huik a proper man.
'I maun mairry ! I maun mairry !'
Said the spinster till hersel',
'Gin anither likely suitor
Come the wye o' Cushie Dell.

Sud my brither's lassie mairry,
Which she's verra like to do—
Weel, the lanely life afore me
Is aneuch to gar me grue !
I maun dee my verra utmost
To gar wooers come the gait,
I maun mairry ! I maun mairry !
Ere my day is oot o' date.'
Here the spinster's cogitations
Came abruptly till a close,
For her servan' 'oman, Eppie,
Poppit in her freckled nose,
Sayin', ' Mistress, there's a stranger'—
An' the mistress raised her head—
' There's a man 'at wants Miss Mary :
Sall ye see 'im in 'er stead ?
Or sall I rin oot an' seek 'er ?
I cud get 'er in a crack ;
She gaed oot to tak' an airin',
An' she hesna yet come back.'
' Far's the man, or fat's he wantin' ?'
' Weel, he didna tell me that,
But he's buskit like a gentle,
An' his shawlt is sleek an' fat.
I believe his spurs are siller,
An' his stirrups are the same ;
I jalouse he is a wooer,
But he didna gie his name.'
' Smooth yer huddery head a kennin',
Gie yer bruikie face a dicht ;
In yer Sunday menner, Eppie,
Tell the gentleman to licht.

Run an' luik for Robbie Tamson,
 Bid 'im come as fest's he's able,
Lat 'im tak' the horse an' haud 'im,
 Or else pit 'im i' the stable.
Beg the gentleman to enter,
 To the parlour shaw the road ;
I'll be wi' 'im in a jiffy,
 Fan I get mysel' made snod.'
Up the stair the mistress hurried ;
 An' to speak the truth' I'm boun'—
Twenty years a younger 'oman
 In appearance she cam' doon.
There are mysteries aboot women
 Never solved by poet's skill,
Which hae baffled human science,
 An' belike for ever will.
I hev seen a haggard damsel,
 Slinkin' till her secret boower,
Burstin' oot a bloomin' Hebe
 In the coorse o' half an hour ;
I hev kent o' wrinkled matrons
 By manipulators clever
Ta'en in han' an' renovated,
 An' made 'beautiful for ever.'
I hev kent—but wherefore linger
 Owre the mysteries o' a sex
Gifted baith to please an' tease us,
 Witch an' win, or plague an' vex ?—
In the parlour sat Miss Meston,
 Bloomin' like a twenty-three,
While the Laird o' Littlefirlot
 (For the visitor wis he)

Sat an' gazed upo' the spinster,
To his een sae fair an' young,
Glow' red in awe an' admiration
Scarcely fit to wag a tongue.

LITTLEFIRLOT'S DECLARATION.

' Miss,' at last said Littlefirlot,
' Ye will maybe think it queer
That a man in my position
Comes without forespeakers here !
I'm the Laird o' Littlefirlot,
Dootless ye hae heard o' me,
An' my errand—weel, my errand
Is yer bonnie sel' to see.
I hed heard o' fair Miss Meston,
I hed heard o' Cushie Dell,
But the magic o' yer beauty
Has come owre me like a spell.
This, I ken, is far fae reg'lar,
I sud first hae seen yer aunt ;
But as I drew near yer dwallin',
Mair an' mair my hert did dunt,
An' I fund I cudna dally,
Wis compelled to seek yersel',
Noo the glamour o' yer beauty
Hes come owre me like a spell.'
Here the bashfu', timid spinster
Turn'd her face towards the wa',
Hirslin back intil a corner,
Faur the sunlight wis bit sma'.

' I hae ne'er,' pursued her wooer,
 ' Courtit 'oman a' my life ;
But in you I see a leddy
 Fit for Littlefirlot's wife.
I hev siller, I hev acres,
 I've a weel-appointed house,
An' ye'll fin' upon inquiry,
 I'm a man correct an' douce.
Dinna say a word at present,
 Tak' an ook to think, or mair,
Gin it's "imphim" Littlefirlot
 Sall mak' a' the rest his care.
I've been ca'd an " 'oman-hater,"
 Sic a name is noo unfair,
Ye've convertit me, Miss Meston,
 I'm *your lover* evermair.'
Thus the Laird o' Littlefirlot
 Poured his newsprung passion out,
While its object, in her corner,
 Sat in tremblin' fear an' dout.
Hitherto the Laird had sitten
 Singly in an elbow-chair,
While the breadth o' a' the chaumer
 Intervened atween the pair.
Noo he raise, an' wad a' stumpit
 Owre aside the spinster's seat,
An', perhaps, in his devotion,
 Knelt an' pleaded at her feet ;
But she startit, wi' her napkin
 Pressed to lovely nose an' een,
Cryin', ' Mercy ! sir, hae mercy !
 Else ye'll overpooer me clean !

Yer proposal does me honour,
Muckle honour, I confess,
But its suddenness hes plunged me
Into verra deep distress.
'I'm confeesed, my head is soomin',
I hev scarcely strength to speak;
Let me think, consult, consider,
Gie an answer in a week.
Come again, but nae in daylight,
Lest the neepers mak' remark,
I'll be courtit like my neepers;
Come an' see me aifter dark.'

THE UPSHOT.

Said the Laird o' Littlefirlot
As he rade fae Cushie Dell—
'I'm a buikit man, as surely
As the sexton rings the bell.
I'm a huikit man as surely
As the day succeeds the nicht,
Gin I ever read the meanin'
O' a human creature richt.
Though I kin the hert o' woman
Is a chapter hard to spell,
An' her min's a constant riddle
Which she canna read hersel';
Yet this minute I'm as certain,
As I'm certain o' my life,
That Miss Meston hes determined
To be Littlefirlot's wife.'

Weeks the Laird o' Littlefirlot
Gaed a-courtin' aifter dark ;
Likit weel to gyang a-courtin',
Like a youthfu' rustic spark,
Wad repeat an' keep repeatin'
As he cam' fae Cushie Dell,
' Weel, the glamour o' her beauty
Hes come owre me like a spell !'
But the sweetest joys o' mortals
Are nae lang afore they pall,
' Since the trail of Eden's serpent
Left its slime above them all,'
As declared the bard o' Erin,
The renownèd 'Thomas Moore ;
An' the joys o' evenin' woonin'
Hev their drawbacks at threescore.
So the Laird o' Littlefirlot
Brocht his courtin' till an en',
Enterin' into lawfu' wedlock,
Foo an' faur I dinna ken,
For the pair gaed south thegither,
An' reports anew were rife
Ere they came to Littlefirlot,
Recognised as man an' wife.
Nor can I explain completely
Wile, disguise, an' artifice,
Which got ' Auntie Meston ' courtit,
Buikit, mairrit for her niece.
But 'tis certain Littlefirlot
Notit foo his pairtner aged,
Made inquiries an' discoveries
Blacker luiked an' mair enraged ;

Sware that he wad loup the country ;
That he stampit an' he banned,
That he sware he hed been juggled,
Cheated, swindled, an' trapanned,
That the woman he hed wedded
Hung her head an' said, ' It's true,
But I did it, Littlefirlot,
Did it a' for love o' you,'
That the pair hed gall an' wormwud
Mingled in their honeymoon
Till the Laird gae owre rampagin',
Booed his head an' sattlet doon,
Took his wife intil his bosom,
Though it never cam' to pass
That she tribbled him to dandle
Infant lad or infant lass ;
An' the Laird wad aften mutter
As he stumpt aboot his place—
' Ay, there's aye some disappointment
Fan a woman's in the case.'
An' fan Littlefirlot sickened,
Took the bed, an' wear awa',
'Twas a niece, an ancient spinster,
Heir'd the acres an' the ha'.
An' the lan's o' Littlefirlot
Passed fae Littlefirlot's line,
An' the name o' Littlefirlot
Hes been changed or tint sinsyne.

THE COOPER'S WEDDIN' :

OR

A GLIMPSE O' AULD LANG SYNE ON
'BONNIE DEESIDE.'

Part I.

Not far frae where the windin' Dee
Pursues his seaward course,
Noo murmurin' saftly to his banks,
Noo ravin' loud an' hoarse
Against the granite rocks which strive
To bar his silver floods,
And force them o'er the cultured meads,
Or 'mangst the borderin' woods.
Not far frae this same stream, o' streams
The very pick an' wale,
Resided ance an honest man,
The hero o' my tale ;
The very time, the very place,
We 'll leave unsung, unsaid,
Enough to say, our worthy frien'
A cooper was to trade.
As Cooper Geordie he was kent
Through a' the country roun',
For bowies, buckets, cogs, an' tubs,
A man o' much renown.

Lang years a bachelor he lived,
Unloved by womankind ;
Nor e'er had woman's witchery moved
His calm and steadfast mind.
He gaed to markets an' to rouns,
To raffles, balls, an' teas ;
He joked an' flirted wi' the queans,
But aye wi' twas an' threes ;
He joked wi' a', was named to nane,
He was so sly an' douce,
Until a sonsie pawkie quean
Cam' hame to keep his house.
An' weel an' clean, I wat, she kept
The cooper's but an' ben,
An' made the cooper feel himsel'
The cosiest o' men.
Baith late an' early, hame an' forth,
She played sae weel her part,
That lang afore the cooper wist
She'd stown awa his heart.
The cooper didna sich an' grain—
A man o' deeds was he ;
He straightway popped the question thus—
' Jess, will you marry me ?
I'm nae a man o' mony words,
I'm ready, blunt, an' plain ;
Ye ken my hauddin' an' mysel',
Mak' it an' me yer ain.'
Full forty summers Jess had seen,
An' didna slight the match ;
For birds wi' nests sae snugly lined
Were shy an' ill to catch.

She heard the cooper tell his tale,
An' didna seek to hide
That it wad fill her heart wi' joy
To be the cooper's bride.
Wi' short debate the day was set ;
Fast spread the news, I ween,
An' gossips to discuss the match
In dozens did convene.
Twa ancient dames, wha'd set their caps,
To catch the man o' timmer,
' Were wae to see sae douce a chiel'
Bewitched wi' sic a limmer.
Weel had they marked her impudence,
An' watched her plot an' plan,
Till she had risen frae whole gudewife
To mair than half gudeman ;
Had they demeaned themsel's like her,
Wi' modesty sae lax,
They might have had a score o' men
Ere they were twenty-sax.
But nane had ever heard their names
When scandal's tongue was busy,
Nor ever ane could liken them
To sic a forward hizzy.'
While waggit thus the gossips' tongues,
The cooper and his jo,
Wha thought the ceaseless wheels o' Time
Had never moved sae slow,
Resolved to mak' a noble feast
To grace the weddin' day,
An' gather to partake the same,
Their frien's along the brae.

The Cooper's Weddin'.

A week afore the weddin' day
The guests were duly sought,
The weddin' beef was spoken for
An' fouth o' whisky bought.
The cooper's weddin' formed the crack
O' lasses, wives, an' men,
An' Expectation lickt her lips,
An' snapt her fingers fain ;
Dame Vanity frae morn till nicht
Tript east an' west the brae,
To say what ilka ane should wear
Upo' the weddin' day ;
Now turnin' up her nose at this,
An' sneerin' now at that,
Condemnin' here a threadbare coat,
An' there a napless hat ;
Now ca'in the wife's best Sunday mutch
A vulgar-lookin' clout,
Poo-pooin' coats turn'd upside down,
An' gowns turn'd inside out,
An' tellin' Jenny gin she thought
To win the heart o' Jock,
She must na grudge her penny fee
To buy a marriage frock.
The mantiemaker nicht an' day
Kept drivin' at her seam,
Unequal to her tasks although
Her fingers flew like steam.
The merchant sold his dearest cloths
For marriage coats an' breeches,
An' Master Snip to shorten time
Was forced to lengthen stitches ;

Nae better days he ever knew
Since first he crossed his legs,
His shears snapt purse's strings in twa,
His goose laid golden eggs.
But churlish Time strode on an' on
Wi' stalwart step an' steady,
Nor deign'd to speir at man or maid
If a' the brows were ready.
And now the marriage morn arrived,
An' Phoebus fair arose,
An' rubb'd the slumber from his eyes
An' blew his jolly nose ;
An' first he cast a ruefu' glance
Upon his lumbering team,
Then earthwards turn'd a watery eye,
And, sighing, thought of steam,
But when he gave his steeds the rein,
And saw their laggard pace,
In wrath he flung a dusky cloud
Afore his blushing face ;
To match the engine's lightning speed,
He plied the whip in vain,
And tears came trickling from his eyes,
And mortals called them rain.
Now while the sullen god o' day
Those envious tears was sheddin',
Our lads an' lasses, wives an' men,
Were buskin' for the weddin',
Sair vexed to hear the patterin' rain,
An' think the bride was greetin',
But sairer vexed perchance to think
Their brows might get a weetin'.

But ere the minister took gait
To join the joyfu' pair,
Fair Phœbus dried his watery een,
An' smoothed his yellow hair ;
Good-humour stole across his face,
He dash'd the clouds away,
An' threw his most bewitching gleam
To dry the dreepin' brae.

Part II.

The weddin' guests cam' swarmin' in
Like busy bees in simmer,
While duly greets them at the door
The joyfu' man o' timmer.
To paint the glorious scene within,
O would that I were able !
But for a picture o' my case
You must reverse the fable.
Would you conceive the power required,
An' judge how far I'm wantin',
Just picture to yoursel's a mouse
In labour wi' a mountain !
O had ye but beheld the bride,
Her braw merino gown,
Her mutch, the very ribbons cost
The cooper half-a-crown !
O had ye seen the bridegroom's coat,
The merchant gae his oath
'Twas only to the 'Quality'
He ever sold sic cloth !

His sark, a present frae the bride,
The very pick o' cotton,
Wi' linen wristbands, neck, and breast,
Nane finer could be gotten.
His vest—the breasts had cost a crown !—
Was elegance itsel',
His flashin' breeks o' worsted cord
Cost three-an'-sax the ell !
Oh, had ye seen the junts o' beef,
The waly whangs o' mutton,
The hens, and ducks, an' whisky-kegs,
Enough to sate a glutton !
But now the minister's arrived,
An' now the knot is tied,
Now down the weddin' guests are set
To roasted, boiled, an' fried.
Aroun' the cooper's board they sat,
A goodly sicht in troth,
Some tuggin' teuchly at the beef,
Some cuttyin' up the broth.
A few made use o' knives an' forks,
Wha wished to pass for 'swells ;'
But most made fingers pass for forks,
Made knives o' teeth an' nails.
The bride declared the broth 'owre fresh,'
An' so, to men' the faut,
Raxed out her finger an' her thoom
To help hersel' to saut ;
But sorrow tak' her 'bishop sleeve,'
It played her sic a shavie,
Knocked o'er a sauce-pot in her lap,
And splashed her a' wi' gravy.

The Cooper's Weddin'.

The cooper fell to carve a fowl,
But, what was most unlucky,
Afore that day he'd seldom tried
The carvin' o' a chucky.
An' first he vainly tries the legs,
An' then he tries the wings,
Then past the carvin' knife an' fork
In desperate mood he flings,
Tucks up the wristbands o' his sark,
In 's neives alternate spits,
Then seizin' chucky by the ribs,
He tore her into bits.
About the mangled limbs were passed
Till a' had got a pairt,
An' most began to lick their thooms,
Declarin' they were 'ser't.'
The cooper bade them a' 'lay on,'
An' hoped the fare was 'fittin','
Whereon the weddin' guests declared
Their 'very sides were splittin'.
The table cleared, at either end
Twa reamin' bowls o' toddy
Were brewed, an' ladled roun' an' roun',
A sowd to ilka body ;
An' then the happy pair were pledged
By a' their happy frien's,
Wi' three times, an' three besides
For 'luck and thumping weans.'
An' ither toasts were duly drunk
In bumpers deep an' strang,
Proposed in speeches short and blunt,
But cheered till rafters rang.

For orators wha said their says
 Wi' coughs an' 'hems' an' 'haws,
Atoned for lack of eloquence
 By vigorous 'hip! hurrahs!'
Till maids began to nudge their joes,
 Wi' mony a wistfu' glance,
An' hint the barn was prepared
 For those wha wished to dance.
Then to the barn a' repaired,
 Resolved to shak' their heels,
An' try the mettle o' their limbs
 In jigs and Highland reels.
Aloft upon a barrel-head
 The fiddler sat fu' vogie
An' screwed his fiddle to the pitch
 To gi'e them 'Gird the cogie.'
The reels began wi' a gude smack,
 An' ended wi' anither,
The tailor kissed the maidens baith,
 The cooper kissed their mither;
The souter nimbly crossed the floor
 An' ga'e the bride a smack,
The blacksmith kissed the souter's lass
 Afore he could get back.
Most met the lads wi' ready mou's,
 And never gae a thrav,
Altho', instead o' ae bit smirk,
 They happened to get twa;
But Kitty Primsy cuist her head,
 Because, forsooth, she'd been
A lady's maid, or some high post
 Sic like in Aberdeen.

' 'Twas no' for her to court an' kiss
Wi' joskin' man or boy,
Her silken gown was far owre fine
To match wi' corduroy.'
But Willie Winton seized her waist,
An' ga'e her sic a smack,
The very buttons frae their holes
Were started by the crack.
An' aye the ither stoup gaed roun',
And dancers flew the faster,
An' mony ane got broken skins,
Yet never spoke o' plaster
But cracked their thooms, an' threw their legs
As nimbly roun' the floor,
As if instead o' pairs apiece,
They each had half a score ;
Till Fiddler Bob, wha through the nicht,
Indulged in wauchts fu' deep,
Soothed by his ain harmonious strain,
Was maistered sair by sleep ;
An' Barley-corn, on mischief bent,
Believin' t' sport fu' prime,
Ga'e him a fillip on the pate,
That knocked him out o' time,
An' frae the barrel where he sat
He fell wi' sic a clash,
The fiddle 'twixt him an' the floor
Was fairly crushed to smash !
They raised the fallen fiddler up,
An' dowie was his case,
I scarce know which had fared the worse,
His fiddle or his face.

The Cooper's Weddin'.

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Some spak' o' whisky to the wounds,
An' some o' stickin'-plaster :
While some were courtin' i' the nooks
Unmoved by the disaster ;
But Cooper Geordie fetched a bag,
Its length was Scotch ells twa,
An' made them tuck the fiddler in 't,
An' bed him i' the straw.
Then helter-skelter to the house,
The guests to supper thrang ;
But there my sober, decent Muse
Refuses back to gang ;
Nae farther will the modest maid
Pursue the cooper's weddin',
But bids the curtain drap an' hide
The supper an' the beddin'.

DOON BELLSCAVIE.

*' Haud weel, Jean, an' sit weel, Davie,
For I'm gae doon the back o' Bellscavie.'*

OLD RHYME.

FÆ Clochmaben the hairvest meen
Threw doon her licht wi' siller sheen,
While near the Dee a comely pair
Thegither met aneath Bakebare.
A bonnie lass, a bloomin' youth,
Intent to pass fae north to south,
By ford, or garth, gin sic micht be,
For brigs were scarcer then on Dee.
Nae strangers fan they met, I ween,
Thegither they had aften been,
An' dainty Davie hed a pairt
In gentle Jeannie's tender hairt.
Quo' he to her, ' My bonnie lass,
Thegither owre the Dee we'll pass,
An' yonder, by the water-side,
I spy a shawlt that we sall ride ;
A cantie shawlt, as black's a crow,
An' stoot aneugh to cairry twa.
Gie me yer garters, I'll tak' mine,
An' wi' them mak' a halter fine.'
Sae said, sae deen, an' like a lam'
The shawltie steed fan Davie cam,

An' sae wis haltered in a crack
And Jeannie lifted on its back.
Then, luck be praised ! a rantree stick
Was quickly cut fae coppice thick,
Ere Davie i' the foremost seat
Was grip't by airms o' Jeannie sweet.
' Noo haud me sicker, Jeannie, dear,
This gallant beastie—never fear—
Alang the garth I'll safely guide
An' lan' ye on the ither side.'
The beastie here the water took
An' plodded owre wi' sober look
Until it reached the middle stream,
When oot it cried wi' eldritch scream—
' Noo, Jeannie, haud yer firmest grip,
An' dainty Davie dinna slip ;
For pots are deep an' swirls are strang,
An doon Bellscavie I maun gang !'
An' here he fae the garth hed sprung,
But Davie plied his rantree rung,
An' Jeannie hed by sage advice
Her garters decked wi' scarlet dice,
Thus Davie cud the kelpie guide,
Wi' mony a wallop on his hide,
An' though he ettled to get free,
Or droon his riders i' the Dee,
Yet a' his cantrip tricks were dung
By scarlet thread an' rantree rung,
Which will he nill he gar't him bear
Dry-shod to lan' the loving pair.
When baith lap aff upo' the san',
Richt weel content to fit the lan',

Quo' Davie—' Kelpie, mony thanks ;
Ye 'se noo get leave to play yer pranks.'
Wi' that he set the kelpie free,
Wha cast his carcass o' the Dee,
An' mony an awesome shape he took,
An' raird until the forests shook,
An' meen an' starns aneath the clouds,
As frichtened rabbits 'mangst the woods,
When Gamie an' his dogs appear,
Do hide their heads in sudden fear.
So gaed the kelpie doon Bellscavie,
While glowered astonished Jean an' Davie ;
' O never, Davie,' Jeannie cried,
' Sin' I wis born, wis I sae flyed !
The kelpie 's gien me sic a scare,
I doot I 'll ne'er bite bannock mair.'
' Hoot, Jeannie, lassie, haud yer tongue,
The kelpie we this nicht hae dung,
An' mony a lauch ye 'll live to tak',
That, ridin' on the kelpie's back,
I gar'd him cairry you an' me
Dry-shod an' scatheless owre the Dee.
An' as for me, I tell ye plain,
Just as we crossed, I 'd cross again,
An' circled roon wi' Jeannie's arms,
Believe the kelpie's back hed charms.'

SISTER HELEN :

AN AUGUST REMINISCENCE.

IT was in the month of August—
How the seasons wing their flight !
I am fifty summers older
Since that fateful August night.
'Twas in August, I remember,
When beneath our birchen tree
Played my little sister Helen
With myself, a child as she,
Played the while our busy mother
Plied her ceaseless toils within,
Glad, so we remained contented,
To escape our childish din ;
But as day advanced the mountains
Crowned their crests with fleecy mist,
And the murky clouds descended
Till their rims the forests kissed.
Then my little sister Helen
Laid her hand upon her brow,
'Take me in, I pray thee, brother,
I am tired of playing now.
Take me in and bid my mother
Lay me down upon my bed :
There is something, oh, so painful,
Shooting through and through my head !'

I remember how we laid her
On her bed as she desired,
Thinking she was only sleepy,
Slightly chilled, or extra tired.
But she tossed, and moaned, and shivered,
Seized as by a sudden blight ;
Paled and flushed, grew sick and sicker,
Till we listened with affright
To her heavy laboured breathings,
Saw her lips with fever baked,
Saw the last spasmodic struggle
When she slept and never waked.
I remember weeping sorely
When her infant spirit fled,
Though I comprehended little
What was meant by ' She is dead !'
I remember how my mother
Sobbed as if her heart would break,
And my father tried to cheer her,
Looking cheerful for her sake.
I remember how the joiner
Brought a strangely-fashioned chest,
And they laid my sister in it,
All in snowy garments drest :
How the neighbours round assembled,
Stood with sombre clothes and looks,
Listening to the solemn parson,
With their faces on their books ;
How they bore away my sister,
And her mortal parts, they said,
By our buried brother Thomas,
Near the Parish Church were laid ;

But they said her soul had risen
To a beautiful abode,
Whither I, if I were worthy,
Should ascend to her and God.
I remember how I pondered,
Mingling fancies up with facts ;
But of this convinced and certain,
That unrighteous words and acts
Still would drive me far and farther
From communion with the good
In the Here or the Hereafter,
Howsoever matters stood.
Fifty summers since have drifted,
Bearing on their ceaseless tide
Human pleasures, human sorrows,
Good and evil side by side.
Bearing every mortal onward,
Over life's inconstant seas,
Me by tempests oftener beaten
Than impelled by favouring breeze ;
And yet fiercer tempests threaten
As I near the final West,
Wilder waters surge between me
And the haven of my rest.
But through all my chequered fortunes
I have trusted in a Power
That has guarded and will guard me
Whatsoever tempests lour.

A FEUGHSIDE FAIRY TALE.

BETTY MASON.

BETTY MASON, a romancer,
Little waur than Watty Scott,
Nursed my infant years, an' told me
Tales I hinna yet forgot.
Fairies, witches, deils, an' kelpies,
Played their pranks in Betty's tale,
Ghaists wad stalk, an' brownies frolic,
Ca' the kirn, an' wield the flail.
Gruesome giants captured beauties
Fair as simmer's openin' rose ;
Ugly dwarfs an' ancient warlocks,
Princes fix'd in stone repose ;
Gallants handsome as Apollo
Set imprisoned damsels free ;
Snappin' chains like rotten lingans,
Garrin' doors in flinders flee ;
Routin' armies single-handed,
Slashin' heads o' dragons aff ;

Scatterin' foes o' a' description,
Just as win' wad scatter cawf.

Roon her knees ae winter evenin',
Joseph, Nellie, an' mysel',
Pressin', cried in chorus, 'Betty,
Hae ye onything to tell?'
'Onything to tell?' quoth Betty,
'Little 'ns, naething new, I doot.'
'Betty, ripe the story wallet!'
'Betty, turn it inside oot!'
'Betty, tell 's the wye the fairies
Pinched an' proddit Duncan Deans,
When they lured 'im to the hollow
In the lonely "Sheetin' Greens."'
Such were oor respective orders,
An', consenting to the last,
Betty plunged into the story,
Which the Muse has here recast.
Betty's language, voice, an' manner
Minstrel's skill may never seize,
Nor may auditors like Betty's
Press a story-teller's knees.
Watchin' ilka word an' accent
Drappin' fae the speaker's mou',
Level stretch an' crookit corner,
Fain an' faithful to pursue,
Sat we there that winter evenin',
Deaf to rain an' rattlin' hail,
While oor story-teller, Betty,
Thus rehearsed her fairy tale :—

The Fairy Tale.

‘Tailyour Deans, at Haugh o’ Sluie,
Hed been workin’ a’ the week,
Which was gettin’ near its hin’most,
When he drieve his closin’ steek,
Drank a glaiss o’ Sluie’s whisky,
Bade gude-nicht, an’ trudged awa’;
Reached Potarch, an’ wad hae passed it,
But the wife had bidden ’im ca’.
“Min’,” said she to him on Monday,
“Min’, luik in as ye come back;
Folks fa hae sae mony little’ns
Aye hae claes to men’ or mak’!
Potty has a coat to alter;
An’ we’ll hae a bigger job—
Winter claes for Rob an’ Willie—
Fan we get oor plaiden wob;
But the wyver—drucken bodie!
He wad drink his vera sark—
While he can get cash or credit,
Winna dee a jot o’ wark.”
So for bisness, nae for pleasure,
Duncan entered Potty’s inn;
Mair for trade than love o’ liquor,
Spent a shillin’ o’ his win.
Duncan Deans o’ Deeside tailyours
Was the vera pick an’ pink;
Seldom three times in a twal’month
Neepers saw ’im waur o’ drink.

Fan he left Potarch that evenin',
 Twal' o'clock it micht ha' been,
Wi' a sicker fit he steppit
 Owre the Feein' Market Green.
Fan he crossed the burn o' Cattie,
 Passed the fairm o' Tullentech,
Clam' a mile o' brae, or near it,
 Then he did begin to pech.
Then he did begin to stagger,
 But it wisna' wi' the drink ;
An uncommon dwaum cam' owre 'im—
 Fat it wis he cudna think.
A' at ance his head grew dizzy,
 Hert gaed thumpin' like a flail,
Legs aneath 'im turned as dwaible
 As an autumn salmon's tail.
Fae the beaten road he staumered,
 Utter darkness closed 'im roon' ;
Lichtless, doited, dazed he wan'er't,
 Missed a fit, an' tummelt doon.
Whether he had swoon't or sleepit,
 Whether lang or short he lay
Till he neist had sense o' bein',
 Duncan Deans cud never say ;
But o' this he wis as certain
 As that day succeeds to nicht,
That upon his waukin' vision
 Burst a strange, unearthly licht.
Never—an' he tell't the story
 While he lived to whip the cat—
Cud his tongue describe fat fairlies
 Met his e'en fan up he sat.

A Feughside Fairy Tale.

Owre 'im curved a dome o' sapphire,
Hung wi lamps o' gowden sheen ;
Underneath 'im stretched a carpet,
Velvet-saft an' emerald green ;
Precious stanes an' sparklin' crystals
Walled his ample palace roon' ;
Little folks, in green apparel,
Thronged it wi' melodious soun' ;
Pigmy lords an' pigmy ladies
Strutted through the spacious ha',
Or on rose an' lilac couches
Sat an chattered roon' the wa'.
At the en' remote fae Duncan
Sat the fairy king and queen—
He o' stern an' wrinkled visage,
She o' sweet an' smilin' mien.
Baith, as weel's their gaithered subjects,
Micht 'a' come frae Lillipoot ;
Yet in ilka lim' an' feature
Perfect they fae head to foot.
Richest gems o' earth an' ocean
Glittered on the royal pair.
Courtiers roon' them boo't an' scraipit,
Robed in splendours maist as fair.
Fae his throne the King descended,
Fae his throne the pigmy Queen,
Music burst fae an orchestra
To the tailyour's eyes unseen.
Never fell on ears o' mortal
Strains sae rich, sae clear, an' sweet ;
Never yet to mortal measures
Raise and fell sic timous feet.

O sic music ! O sic dancin' !
Duncan weel cud fit the floor,
But the deftest human dancer
Were a clumsy Bruin here.
Lang did Duncan glower enraptured,
Lang he watched the belles and beaux :
Hoo the latter leered an' smirkit,
Hoo the former jinkt their joes ;
An' he cudna dee but notice
That the men were auld an' staid,
While the women, young and frisky,
Wi' their pairtners' frailties played.
Near 'imsel', an ancient mannie,
Seemingly a hunner auld,
Had been linkit wi' a lammie
Just escapit fae the fauld ;
An' the pranks the limmer played 'im
Wad 'a' driven a mortal mad,
But the carlie, fan bamboozled,
Merely luikit vext an' sad.
Noo ahin' a couch or sofa,
Like a little 'n she wad hide ;
Noo amang the dancers skimmin',
Swift as swallow she wad glide.
Weel, fan Duncan saw a mannie,
Aulder, grimmer than her ain,
Jouk ahin' a sofa wi' her,
Kiss, an' kiss her owre again ;
While her ain bamboozled bodie,
Socht her here, an' socht her there—
Tint the hert an' fell a-greetin',
Thinkin' sport like this unfair—

“ Luik ahin’ the sofa, mannie ! ”
Duncan cried wi’ a’ his micht ;
Then a thoosand angry glances
Pierced ’im like a glint o’ light.
He was seized, an’ pinched, an’ proddit
By a hunner hands at ance ;
Shak’n, showdit, thrashed, an’ thumpit,
Till he thocht his vera banes
Crackit, crummelt into powder,
Fand his vera blood rin cauld,
An’ the flesh upon his body,
In his banes the marrow crawl’d.
“ Gweed receive my saul ! ” cried Duncan,
Mair he hedna time to say
Ere the fairy palace vanished,
An’ alane the tailyour lay.
Velvet carpet wasna under,
Sapphire dome owre Duncan Deans.
Bed was his within a hollow
Near the weel-kent Sheetin’ Greens.
Roon ’im brak’ an autumn mornin’,
Hung a drizzlin’ weetin’ mist,
Ilka minute in sic chaumer,
Ca’d a nail in Duncan’s kist.
Drookit, dowie, an’ disjaskit,
Duncan left his dreepin’ lair,
Ilka bane within his body,
Ilka joint an’ sinew sair.
Owre the hill he hitch’t an’ hirplet,
Tulzied hame an’ wan to bed,
Whaur he lay a month or langer,
Ere he waxed anither thread.

Neipers said 'twas sair rheumatics
Laid the tailyour on his back.
"Naething o' the kin'!" cried Duncan ;
 "'Tis that cursèd fairy pack,
Wi' their pinchin' an' their proddin',
 Wha have caused this weary ill ;
I were noo a corp, for certain,
 Had they got their wicked will.
But I think I've got a lesson
 Nae to mak' nor meddle mair
Amang lovers' silly quarrels
 Be they folks or fairy pair."

Sequel.

'What became o' Duncan after ?
 Betty, Betty, tell us that.'
'Duncan Deans got weel an' flourished
 Mony years to "whip the cat,"
Up an' doon amo' the fairmers
 I' the Howe o' Birse an' Stra'an.
Noo he's gaen ta join the mony,
 Gaen the road we a' are gyaun.'
'Tell us faur we're gyaun ?' cried Joseph ;
 Answered Betty, 'Till yer beds ;
Aff at ance, an' on yer pillows
 Lay yer toozy sleepy heads.'

Such was one of Betty's stories,
 Not her longest nor her best ;
But the story-teller slumbers
 Where the weary are at rest.

Old and gray are we who listened,
Nay, are two who then were three ;
And between us two survivors
Stretch a thousand leagues o' sea.

LUCKLESS TAM LOWRIE AND THE
ACCIDENT ASSURANCE COMPANY.

TAM LOWRIE was a luckless lad
As ever was born on earth,
For black misfortune followed him
Frae the moment o' his birth.

Whenever a fever, croup, or cauld,
Amang neiper infants cam',
As sure as fate, in its sairest shape
It fell upon Lowrie's Tam.

A gangrel he fell frae dikes an' trees,
Frae gates, frae pailin's, an' stanes ;
He brak' his nose, his teeth, his knees,
An' bruised his flesh to the banes.

A laddie at schule his case was waur,
For, besides his ain mishaps,
He had aften to thole for ithers' fauts
The dominie's sairest raps.

A blithesome day it was for Tam
When he left the schule to herd ;
But still misfortune followed him
Like an evil-omened bird.

The heat wad drive a coo to the moss
To sink in a watery lair ;
Or Tam wad sprain an ankle or wrist
An' hirple hame in despair.

The laddie wadna hae hairmed a flee,
As gentle he as a lamb,
But his neiper herds wad disagree
An' the reddin-straik fa' upon Tam.

Aft did the luckless loon come hame
Bleedin' an' bruised an' torn,
An' aft wad his worrit mither exclaim—
' I wis' ye hed never been born !

' Nae that yer thochts or acts are bad,
But certain o' this I am,
There never was mither plagued wi' bairn
As I hae been plagued wi' Tam !'

Ah me ! but the lot o' luckless Tam
Was cauldribe, crabbit, an' dour,
An' Nature hersel' is bricht or dark
As Fortune is kindly or sour.

Ev'n Frien'ship lookit at Tam askance
An' Love hed naething to say,
Till the milk o' kindness in his briest
Was turned into curds an' whey.

An ugly scowl cam' owre his broo,
As he walkit the world alane,
An' muttered, ' I'm surely 'witched or cursed
Wi' a heavier curse than Cain !'

We've kent o' women that clung to waifs
Like moss to a granite stane;
But luckless Tam got the blithesome blinks
An' the kisses o' love frae nane.

Unblest by love, uncheered by frien's,
Pursued by a fate severe,
But yet wi' his quota o' limbs complete
He entered his thirtieth year.

'Twas then that a bloomin' buxom lass
To serve in the quarter cam',
An' lit the lowe o' a quenchless love
In the lanely hairt o' Tam.

But Nanny Bower was cautious an' wise,
As weel as fair to behold,
An' kent that the sweetness o' mairrit life
Depends nae a little on gold.

She saw that naething prospered wi' Tam,
That cash in his pocket was scant,
She weighed him up an' she weighed him doon,
An' judged he was waur than want.

She thus delivered her mind to Tam,
At the end o' the auld hay-stack—
'Na, Tam, I canna buckle wi' you
Tho' your hairt for my sake sud brak'!

'Na, Tam, I canna be yours, my man,
An' she wha wad wad be rash,
Unless you cud somehow fa' on a plan
To turn mishanthers to cash.'

'To turn mishanters to cash,' cried Tam,
'I'll strive frae this hoor an' forth ;
Fa kens, I yet may fa' on a plan,
To gar mishanters hae worth ?'

Tam speedily met wi' a Company,
Far noted throughout the land,
That spread its buckler owre such as he,
An' paid mishanters off-hand.

A policy wasna ill to procure ;
Ae fa, an' the brak' o' an airm,
Got Tam a sowd o' siller at ance,
That set him up in a fairm.

An' Nanny Bower took a second thocht
When the fairmer a-courtin' cam' ;
She smiled content when he urged his suit,
An' agreed to buckle wi' Tam.

The day was set, but was twice deferred,
For Tam got a pair o' fa's
That shook him a bit, but found the cash
To pay for the mairriage braws.

The mairriage cam' off wi' great éclât,
An' ae triflin' accident
Which somehow happened to luckless Tam,
But paid for a twalmonth's rent.

He slipt on a morsel o' orange-peel,
An' brak' the pan o' his knee ;
But his foremost words as they raised him up
Were, ' Another fifty for me !'

The day that his first-born saw the licht
Was a dowie day to Tam,
He rode to fetch the medicine at nicht,
But hame on a shutter he cam' !

It seems his shawlt had shied on the road,
An' Tam was thrown on his head,
But kindly niepers gathered him up,
An' carried him hame for dead.

' Alas !' sighed Nanny, ' he 's killed outright,
For me a dowie concern ;
Yet there 's ne'er an ill but micht be waur,
There 's a thoosand for me an' the bairn.'

Tam lifted his heavy eyes an' groaned,
' I 'm nae quite finished,' quoth he,
' But this will be a serious job.
For oor frien's in the A.A.C. !

' A grave affair, an' a great expense,
For *they* hae the piper to pay.'
An' he closed his eyes, an' kept his bed
For mony a weary day,

While Nanny dandled her dear first-born,
As canty as wife cud be,
An' blessed the day when she met wi Tam,
An' Tam wi' the Companie.

When Tam got better he cannily crept
To follow his rural toil,
But soon again 'twas the Company
Gat his parritch-pot to boil.

Baith hame an' forth, on water an' land,
By cut, collision, an' fa',
Tam suffered abridgment aifter that,
Till the volume left was sma'.

He lost a foot, an airm, an' a leg,
An' fingers by twas an' threes :
' I 'm leavin' you, Nanny, wife,' he said ;
' I 'm leavin' you by degrees.

' But when you 've gathered me bit by bit,
To the graves o' my auld forebears :
A thoosand pounds in your lap, I think,
Will help to lessen your tears.

' An' mair than that, oor laddie Tam
Is just anither o' me ;
Assure him, wife, an' assure him quick,
He 'll thrive in the A.A.C.

' He 'll mair than fill his father's shoes,
He 'll triple his father's gains ;
So ye maunna mourn for mysel', my love,
When ye bury my scant remains.'

There was still a fraction o' Tam in life
The last time I passed his door,
An' Nanny treasured the morsel left
As miser his hoarded store.

She said, as she sat by the ingle-cheek,
A buxom an' braw gudewife,
That she blessed her man an' the Company
For a bien an' cosy life.

An' their auldest callant, weel assured,
Was risin' a hopefu' lad,
Surpassed in the accident line by nane
Save only his luckless dad.

'To see my man curtailed,' she said,
'Has vexed my innermost soul ;
But I gie to the fragments a' the love
That I e'er bestowed on the whole.

'Twas sair to see the loss o' his limbs
An' bide the brak' o' his banes ;
Yet I raither wad lose him bit by bit
Than pairt wi' him a' at ance.

'But I hope the remnant will be spared
Lang, lang to the bairns an' me,
An' a monument to the special worth
O' oor frien' the A.A.C.'

THE BROOKES OF SOUTHBROOK HALL :

A POEM OF THE DOMESTIC AFFECTIONS.

As sudden deluge rolls destruction wide,
And sinks 'midst ruins when the storms subside,
So lawless passions devastate the mind,
And leave their baleful ruin-trace behind ;
But pure affection, ruled by wise control,
Can strengthen, cheer, and elevate the soul,
As streams that from perennial fountains run,
Pursue their steady course in storm and sun,
Draw tribute streams, in magnitude expand,
Delight the eye, and fertilise the land.

How smoothly glide the years of social life,
Where faithful husband joins with loving wife
In each vicissitude of changeful fate,
To heighten joy and bid distress abate ;
If wealth is theirs to spread its comforts round
Or wring from dearth what scanty good is found,
He ever prompt the graver weight to bear,
She watchful still to ease his load of care,
In every change, by their domestic hearth,
Affection smiles to Edenise the earth !

So lived, so loved the Brookes of Southbrook Hall,
Themselves beloved, themselves revered by all
Who climb the heights, or roam the valleys sweet
Where Feugh and Dee in mingling currents meet ;
The feelings theirs which lasting love inspires—
Esteem, benevolence, and soft desires.
One joy they lacked, on earth 'tis ever so,
Completed bliss we mortals never know ;
O were this boon—an heir to Southbrook—given
What earthly gift could they have begged of Heaven ?

But lo, the years, the rapid years had chased
Till nine times earth her annual orb had traced
Since Hymen joined the love-enchanted pair,
Yet smiled at Southbrook Hall no infant heir.
The tenth year comes, and dawns a joyous morn,
A boy—bright image of his sire—is born !
On him unceasing love the parents pour,
But spending love increase their former store,
Mysterious joy, we stint thy sweets in vain,
The more we give the more we still retain !

The seasons sped, young Henry waxed apace ;
His father's stature, and his mother's grace,
Her gentle temper, his capacious mind,
With native virtues in the boy combined
To render him the joy of great and small,
His parents' pride, the light of Southbrook Hall.
Thus waxed the boy, thus reached his thirteenth year,
When fortune's smiles were changed to frowns austere,
On Henry's eyes there fell a sudden blight
Involving all in universal night.

What words can paint the boy's, the parents' grief,
When medicine's skill brought only pain's relief,
But failed to bring to blighted orbs the ray
Disease had banished from their earthly day?
Yet fond affection cheered the darkened hour
When boastful science owned her baffled power,
And, ever constant, led the blinded boy
To fuller streams of intellectual joy ;
Thus doth affection blunt the edge of woe,
Illume the hearth, and gladden life below.

THE HAPLESS POET'S LAST LAY.

ON the margin of a forest,
Underneath an autumn sky,
Far from face of friend or kinsman,
Lay a Bard with glazing eye.
In the fertile fields of Fancy
He had conquered many spoils,
Yet his fellows unrewarded
Left his brain-exhausting toils.

He had learning, he had genius,
He had wisdom, he had wit ;
Yet for wages-earning labour
Men had deemed him all unfit.
Few had begged his fellow-mortals
More for leave to toil than he,
But he owned himself a poet,
And they laughed to scorn his plea.

Till by debts and duns demented,
Him in pauper livery clad,
Sick, alike in mind and body,
Men immured amid the mad.
When the tardy law released him,
Blighted both in heart and name,
Little cared he more for fortune
Whether good or evil came.

The Hapless Poet's last Lay.

Little valued life's existence,
Though he did not loathe it quite ;
Nature still her countless beauties
Freely spread for his delight.
Far he wandered, much he suffered,
Ere he passed from earth away,
On the margin of a forest
Breathing thus his latest lay :—

‘ I am dying,’ said the Poet ,
‘ Dying with the autumn flowers,
Like the fading leaves around me
Wane this body's vital powers ;
But the mind, the soul, the spirit
Which controls this living *me*,
When the blood has ceased to circle,
Whither shall this essence flee ?

‘ Feeble Reason cannot answer ;
Hope alone on daring wing,
Far from earth, in seas celestial
Finds the lands of ceaseless spring :
Where the summer never scorches,
Where the winters never freeze,
Where an odour as of Eden
Balms the ever-grateful breeze.

‘ Where the flowers for ever blossom,
Where the fruits for ever glow ;
Where the birds in cadence warble,
Where the streams in music flow.

The Hapless Poet's last Lay.

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Where the limbs are never languid,
Where the heart is never sore,
Where the pangs of cold and hunger
Can afflict the flesh no more.

'I am weary,' said the Poet,
 'I have suffered life so long,
Seen so much of man's injustice
 Borne so much of human wrong :
Let me sleep, and never waken
 Where such evils have abode.'—
So he slept, and so his spirit
 From the earth returned to God.

SONGS.

*' Ich singe, wie der Vogel singt,
Der in den Zweigen wohnet ;
Das Lied das aus der Kehle dringt,
Ist Lohn, der reichlich lohnet.'*

GOETHE.

MY MITHER TONGUE !

(GIVEN AT A BURNS ANNIVERSARY DINNER IN SHEFFIELD.)

My mither tongue ! owre seldom heard,
Your accents thrill me through ;
Ye gar my heart loup to my lips,
My very een rin fu' ;
Ye waft me back to blither times,
To days when I was young,
When love an' hope baith spak' in thee,
My couthie mither tongue !

My mither tongue ! my infant cares
Were soothed to rest in thee ;
' John Anderson ' an' ' Duncan Gray '
Hae aften closed my e'e ;
An' ' Bonnie Doon,' or ' Auld Lang Syne,'
Aboon my cradle sung,
Hae made me dream that angel choirs
Used aye my mither tongue.

My mither tongue ! a bairn at schule
In English buiks I read ;
An' warsled sair wi' English facts
To pang my laddie head.

But when my heart was big wi' wae,
Or lowin' love upsprung ;
My feelin's aye gushed out in thee,
My couthie mither tongue !

My mither tongue ! how aft hae I
My very meals forgot,
While porin' o'er the wizard page
O' Ramsay, Burns, or Scott !
On 'Tam o' Shanter's' midnight ride,
Or Hornbook's pranks I've hung ;
Rehearsed wi' matchless power in thee,
My couthie mither tongue !

My mither tongue ! I daurna name
The loves o' bygone years ;
It ill becomes a bearded man
To blin' his een wi' tears.
I daurna name the welcomes warm
That roun' my heart hae clung,
The sad fareweels expressed in thee,
My couthie mither tongue !

I daurna conjure up the spots
Where cheerfu' childhood played,
The broomy knowes, the fairy howes
Where hopefu' manhood strayed.
I daurna name departed frien's,
Whase hands my hands hae wrung,
An' poured their latest blessin's out
In thee, my mither tongue !

My mither tongue ! some ca' ye rude,
An' some hae wished ye dead ;
Ye winna dee, ye canna dee,
Sae lang as Burns is read ;
An' that will be while warl's rin roun',
An' suns in space are hung ;
While wisdom, wit, an' music live,
Ye'll live, my mither tongue !

My mither tongue ! ye'll haud the grip
While words hae power to teach,
While human feelin's link themsel's
To blithe or dowie speech ;—
While hopes an' fears, an' joys an' griefs,
While loves are said or sung,
Ye'll haud the grip in spite o' a',
My couthie mither tongue !—
Till suns grow cauld, an' Natur's sel'
Creeps feckless o'er a rung,
Ye winna dee, ye canna dee,
Dear Scotia's magic tongue !

THE LAND O' CAKES.

(GIVEN AT A SOCIAL GATHERING OF SCOTCHMEN IN ENGLAND,
IN CONNECTION WITH THE TOAST, 'THE LAND O' CAKES.')

AIR — ' *O' a' the airts,* ' etc.

OWRE a' the lands aroun' the earth
Where Fortune casts our lot,
There smiles to us frae out the North
A memory-charmèd spot—
O Scotia, fairest land o' a' !
Sweet hame where we were born !
On you there fell an' still maun fa'
The blithest blinks o' morn.

An' aye your name bids mountains rise,
An' burnies wimple doon ;
To fairy glen the fancy flies
Or bonnie burgh's toon.
Again we roam where Tweed, or Tay,
Where Clyde, or silver Dee,
Or drumly Don, or swirlin' Spey
Winds towards the parent sea.

Your name's a spell to conjure back
The lang-departed years,
Afore our feet had trod the track
Adoon the 'vale o' tears.'

It bids departed frien's return,
An' linger by our side,
A warmer love within us burn
For kindred severed wide.

It wafts us back to early days
An' hames for ever sweet ;
We sit on gow'ny simmer braes,
Or sport along the street ;
The young, the gay, our pleasures share,
A' gowden are the hours ;
The hopefu' past appears ance mair,
When earth was strewn wi' flowers.

Awa', ye dreams o' fancy bred !
Awa', delusive flights !
Around us here this night are spread
Earth's real, earth's chief delights.
Here patriot love and friendship shine,
An' plenty crowns the board ;
What further could their feasts divine
To fabled gods afford ?

An' sparkles here a nectar rare
Olympus never knew,
A draught distilled in northern air,
Auld Scotia's mountain dew ;
Despondent care before it flies,
Ilk gladsome feeling wakes,
Our sangs ring out, our bumpers rise,
Our toast, ' The Land o' Cakes !'

ROBERT BURNS.

(GIVEN AT A DINNER IN HONOUR OF THE BIRTH OF OUR
GREAT NATIONAL BARD.)

AIR—' *A man 's a man for a' that.*'

Is there for Scotland's ploughman bard
That hangs his head, an' a' that ?
We spurn the coof from our regard
Wi' scorn, contempt, an' a' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,
His senseless pride, an' a' that ;
Beyond his ken this wale o' men,
This prince o' bards, an' a' that.

What though he sometimes made a slip
In sliddery paths, an' a' that,
Or raised the beaker to his lip
A kennin' aft', an' a' that ?
For a' that, an' a' that,
In spite o' fauts, an' a' that,
A bard was he by Heaven's decree,
Wha bravely sang, for a' that.

A poet he that rose sublime,
In song, an' ode, an' a' that,
O'er a' wha wriggle into rhyme,
An' pithless blank, an' a' that.

For a' that, an' a' that,
Their scansion, feet, an' a' that ;
An' sapless rules weel conned at schules
An' colleges, an' a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a bard,
Wha struts an' stares, an' a' that ;
Though critics' praise be his reward,
An' public pay, an' a' that ;
For a' that, an' a' that,
His pictured page, an' a' that,
Although his name is 'puffed' to fame,
'Twill die wi' him, for a' that.

Let schoolmen pang their pates wi' Greek
An' Latin roots, an' a' that,
To mak' a bard they needna seek,—
Aboon their power is a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
'Tis Nature's self, an' a' that,
That lends the fire to strike the lyre,
Like Robert Burns, for a' that !

His common sense, his tender heart,
His piercing ken, an' a' that,
Were far beyond the pith o' art—
Were gifts frae Heaven, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
His wisdom, wit, an' a' that,
Will live as lang as Scottish sang
Is dear to Scots for a' that !

MORAYLAND.

AIR—' *There's nae luck aboot the hoose.*'

WE 'LL sing a sang o' Morayland,
 We want nae better theme,
 Nor ask we aid o' foreign Muse
 Frae Grecian fount or stream ;
 The name o' Morayland's a power
 Aboon your fabled 'Nine,'
 It warms the heart, an' fills the head
 Wi' mem'ries o' lang syne.

Chorus—For there's nae land like Morayland,
 There is nae land ava,
 Nor kinder hearts than Moray hearts
 Around the warl' a'.

We dinna lichtly Southern lands,
 Nor Southern faith an' truth,
 But aye the nearest to our hearts
 Are scenes an' frien's o' youth ;
 An' when we meet a 'Moray loon,'
 An' grasp his friendly hand,
 We're back thegither bairns at school,
 In bonnie Morayland.

Chorus—For there's nae land like Morayland, *etc.*

Amid the budding woods o' spring
The cowslips sweet we pu',
While round us trill the throstle's notes
Or am'rous cushats coo.
We climb together side by side
The scented heather braes,
Where bees collect their gowden loads
An' simmer lambkin plays.

Chorus—For there's nae land like Morayland, *etc.*

We catch the trout in siller streams,
We gather berries ripe,
Or sit upon the mossy bank
An' hear the curlew pipe ;
Or mingle round the cheery hearth
When wintry tempests blaw,
An' picture how when day returns
We'll build our huts o' snaw.

Chorus—For there's nae land like Morayland, *etc.*

Or better yet, wi' flying feet
We thread the mazy dance,
Return the pressure o' a hand
Or meet an answering glance ;
Or—remnant best to mortals left
Frae Eden's parted bliss,—
We mingle lips an' hearts an' sighs
In love's first raptured kiss.

Chorus—For there's nae land like Morayland, *etc.*

Back, back to Morayland.

Gae bring a stoup o' Milton Duff,
 Glen Lossie, or Glen Grant,
 The nectar o' our native North—
 What mair cud mortals want?
 Gae bring a stoup o' 'Mountain Dew,'
 The best that hands can draw,
 We'll drain it dry to Morayland
 Though morning cock sud craw.

Chorus—For there's nae land like Morayland, *etc.*

BACK, BACK TO MORAYLAND.

(SUGGESTED BY THE LETTER OF AN EMIGRANT AT ONE OF
 THE AUSTRALIAN GOLD-DIGGINGS TO HIS FRIENDS
 IN MORAYSHIRE.)

BACK, back to Morayland,
 O'er the blue sea,
 Far from this hated strand,
 O let me flee!
 Back where the smile of love
 Sweetened my toil,
 Like the sweet sun above,
 Gladdening the soil.

Down in the sparry caves,
 Sleep, tempest, sleep;
 Over the laughing waves
 Sweep, my bark, sweep.

Swift as the swallow's flight,
Home let us flee ;
There, there are eyes of light
Watching for me.

Here doubt and danger reign
Wedded to fear,
Back to my home again,
Morayland dear !
Pride of my native North,
Brave land of old,
Where every heart is worth
Mountains of gold.

Back, back to Morayland,
O'er the blue sea,
Far from this hated strand,
O let me flee !
Swift as the swallow's flight,
Back to the isle
Where love and truth unite
Hearts without guile.

FAIR FA' THE GUIDWIVES O' LHANBRYD.¹

Fair fa' the guidwives o' Lhanbryd,
The comely guidwives o' Lhanbryd :
Nane fairer indeed
Frae Pentland to Tweed ;
Nane better in Scotland sae wide, wide,
Nane better in Scotland sae wide.

Fair fa' the guidwives o' Lhanbryd,
The cheery guidwives o' Lhanbryd :
Gin Fortune look sour,
Just gang for an hour
An' plant yoursel' doon by their side, side,
Just plant yoursel' doon by their side.

Fair fa' the guidwives o' Lhanbryd,
The couthie guidwives o' Lhanbryd :
They keep for their ain
A blithe but an' ben,
An' blithely for strangers provide, 'vide,
An' blithely for strangers provide.

¹ Lhanbryd is one of the Lowland parishes of Morayshire, and famed for its hospitality, even in that hospitable county.

Fair fa' the guidwives o' Lhanbryd,
The sonsie guidwives o' Lhanbryd :
The man wha'd misca' 'em
Deserves—an' sae fa' him—
A cudgel to wallop his hide, hide,
A cudgel to wallop his hide.

ELGIN TOON.

OH, Elgin toon is brawly kenn'd
To ilka Moray loon,
Wha thinks it ance, o' a' the warl',
The biggest, bonniest toon ;

An' though there may be bigger toons,
An' toons wi' braider streets,
I ken o' nane whar social frien'
Wi' frien' sae kindly meets ;

I ken o' nane wi' lasses fair,
As some that I could name,
Wha claim our kintra for their ain,
An' Elgin for their hame.

Our auld Cathedral's dear to me,
An' fair is Ladyhill,
An' aft I've strayed on Lossie banks,
Till evenin' dewes were chill.

The old grey Tower.

I like to tread our hummin' streets,
When market days are thrang,
I like to see our buskit fair,
When simmer days are lang ;

But what mak's Elgin dear to me,
O'er ilka ither toon,
I meet my darling lassie there,
When simmer suns gae doon ;

I meet her 'neath the gloamin' star,
When daily toil is o'er ;
An' think, to watch the mantlin' blush
That tells me o' my power,

Or slyly pree her cherry lip,
Can match the bliss aboon ;
An' that's what warms my heart to think
O' bonny Elgin Toon.

THE OLD GREY TOWER.¹

THE old grey Tower, the old grey Tower,
Methinks I see it rise,
The grassy slope around its base,
Above, the summer skies ;

¹ The ancient Tower of Coxton stands in the parish of Lhanbryd, overlooking the railway running from Aberdeen to Inverness and the Far North.

The white-walled cottage standing near,
The children all at play,
The great brown dog that shares their sport
And gambols blithe as they.

The brave old Tower, the strong old Tower,
It rears its head sublime,
Unbent beneath the weight of age,
Unscathed by wasting time.
It tells me not of tyrant might
Nor fettered captives' tears ;
It mingles with my dreams of home
And thoughts of early years.

'Tis wrought in all the golden dreams
That hopeful Fancy weaves
Its name is written sibyl-like
On all her mystic leaves ;
And 'neath her spell I see again,
In Beauty's noontide hour,
My dark-eyed love awaiting me
Beside the old grey Tower.

The brave old Tower, the dear old Tower,
Where'er my feet may roam,
Its massive walls and vaulted roof
Will rise with dreams of home ;
And gentle tones and looks of love
Come back in all their power
To knit my heart with silken bands
To Coxton's old grey Tower.

THE ELGIN ATTORNEY.

TUNE—' *Old Dan Tucker.*'

THE Elgin Attorney, he's no fool,
His head is clear and his temper's cool,
And he can pick or patch a flaw
And clear the knottiest points of law—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !
Who knows law like the Elgin Attorney ?

The Attorney is up to every trick—
At catching a client none so quick ;
And he can hunt a debtor down,
And drain his purse of the last half-crown—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !
Down with your dust to the Elgin Attorney !

No *desperate debt's* beyond his reach,
He sticks to insolvents like a leech,
They may duck, and dodge, and wriggle, and cry ;
But he holds them fast, and sucks them dry—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !
No dodger dodges the Elgin Attorney !

No panel fears the judge's face
If once the Attorney backs his case,
For Justice opens *both* her eyes
As soon 's she hears the Attorney rise—

Crying, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !
No bar nor bench can match the Attorney !

He'll clearly prove that wrong is right,
That blue is black, and black is white,
He'll hocus judge and jury too
To bring a client safely through—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !
You can't chop law with the Elgin Attorney !

The Elgin Attorney's a man of parts ;
The ladies call him king of hearts,
And vow that none knows half so well
How to court or cut a swell—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !
What youth's so smart as the Elgin Attorney ?

The Elgin ladies all declare
There's none so smart or half so fair,
Altho' the Attorney's wont to scoff,
And talk of a club to keep them off—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !
You can't *all* wed the Elgin Attorney !

When press of business drives him West,
At Forres he's an honoured guest ;
Through street and lane the cry runs rife—
' The Attorney's here as large as life—

Hip, hip, hurrah for the Elgin Attorney !
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !
Off caps and hats to the Elgin Attorney !'

The maids of Banff have heard his fame,
He's set their tender hearts aflame ;
And now they cry to every beau,
' You like the Elgin Attorney ?' ' No !'

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !
You're all eclipsed by the Elgin Attorney !

At Dufftown he's in high repute,
And there they say when folks dispute,
' Just wait till the Elgin Attorney come,
He'll talk a score such wranglers dumb'—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !
You won't outwit the Elgin Attorney !

The other week at Pluscarden,
He quite *extinguished* all the men,
And smote the heart of country queans,
As Samson smote the Philistines—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney !
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney !
No ass hath a jaw like the Elgin Attorney !

But where's the bard of modern days
That's fit to sing the Attorney's praise?
Old Homer's self had been at fault,
And therefore I must call a halt—

Singing, Out of the way for the Elgin Attorney!
Clear the way for the Elgin Attorney!
Unequalled stands the Elgin Attorney.

DROWNED AT THE FORD:

A BALLAD FOR THE DOG-DAYS.

THE lady looked over her castle wall;
 Low winds, low.
The frost and the snow were over all;
 Snow, deep snow.

She looked far into the wildering night;
 Low winds, low.
Leaning her chin on her hand so white;
 Snow, deep snow.

She looked far into the night, and sighed;
 Low winds, low.
'Why does he tarry so long?' she cried;
 Snow, deep snow.

The lady looked out for her absent lord ;
 Low winds, low.
He had to cross the moor and the ford ;
 Snow, deep snow.

The moon went down, and the stars grew dim ;
 Low winds, low.
Aurora hung on the mountain's rim ;
 Snow, deep snow.

But still the lady watched for her lord ;
 Low winds, low.
He crossed the moor, but never the ford ;
 Snow, deep snow.

The ice was thick at the river's brink ;
 Low winds, low,
Who could have dreamt that a man could sink ?
 Woe, deep woe.

The ice was thin at the middle stream ;
 Low winds, low.
The moon in clouds had hidden her beam ;
 Woe, deep woe.

The moon had hidden her face so pale ;
 Low winds, low.
A splash arose and a drowning wail ;
 Woe, deep woe !

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Good morn, old Father Christmas !
We're glad to see you here,
For when you come we always look
For mirth and pleasant cheer ;
You bring us geese and turkeys,
And good roast-beef to eat,
Plum-puddings, pies, and oranges,
And many another treat.

We love to see your burly form,
No matter how you're drest ;
But when you wear your snowy suit
'Tis then we like you best.
You always have a comely face,
But never seem so fair
As when you come with frozen beard
And ice-entangled hair.

But come with frost, or come with thaw,
It matters little which,
If you with peace and plenty come
You're dear to poor and rich ;
And eyes are lit with brighter sheen,
And hearts with warmer glow,
In presence of your holly leaves
And magic mistletoe.

Speed on, old Father Christmas !
With love to great and small,
With balm to every aching heart
Where'er your footsteps fall.
Give guileless merriment to youth,
And smooth the wrinkled brow,
Till all exclaim, ' We 've loved you much,
But ne'er so much as now.'

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

HARK ! the merry Christmas Waits
Singing at the outer gates !
Nearer, clearer, at the door,
Now their voices blend and soar,
Pealing forth the glad refrain—
' Peace on earth, good-will to men !'
' Peace on earth, good-will to men !'

Loud the joyful notes arise,
Floating up to starry skies ;
Young and old in union meet
Raise on high the anthem sweet ;
Let us join the glad refrain—
' Peace on earth, good-will to men !'

‘Peace on earth!’—ah, would that we
Peace in every land might see—
Peoples wage a single strife—
Which shall rise to noblest life,
Pealing wide the glad refrain—
‘Peace on earth, good-will to men!’

‘Peace on earth!’—the radiant morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born,
Then a milder faith began,
Dawned a brighter day for man,
Sang the herald angels then—
‘Peace on earth, good-will to men!’

‘Peace!’—when man to man is just,
Sword and scimitar shall rust,
Cease the deadly cannon’s roar,
Battle-fields be seen no more,
Nations join the glad refrain—
‘Peace on earth, good-will to men!’

‘Peace’ in all our tribes and climes!
Then the merry Christmas chimes
Round and round the globe shall peal,
Chimes of universal weal,
All upraise the glad refrain—
‘Peace on earth, good-will to men!’

HURRAH FOR CHRISTMAS !

HURRAH ! the Christmas times are here,
The times of mirth and dainty cheer,
 The evenings which allow,
From laughing matron, struggling miss,
To snatch the half-reluctant kiss
 Beneath the mistletoe bough.

Hurrah ! the merry school-boy troops,
And girls in joyous chattering groups,
 Partake the sweets of home.
The hated task neglected lies
No straining now of aching eyes
 Above the dog-eared tome.

Hurrah ! the sternest brow unbends,
Amidst the radiant, happy friends
 Around the Christmas board,
Where Plenty pours her copious horn,
And Joy, of Peace and Plenty born,
 Presides the smiling lord.

Hurrah ! the Christmas times are here,
The gayest times of all the year,
 The times of feast and song.

Let joy and kindness rule the hour,
Their gentle sway with all your power
Support, extend, prolong.

CHORUS.

Hurrah ! the Christmas times are here,
The times of mirth and dainty cheer,
The gayest times of all the year,
The times of feast and song.

OH TO BE YOUNG AGAIN !

Out on the flowery meadow,
Down by the chattering brook,
Reading a fairy legend
Out of a pictured book ;
Weeping over the princess—
Deeming her story true—
Raging over the giants,
Blessing the prince who slew.

Watching the tiny troutlets
Catching their airy prize ;
Stringing a daisy chaplet,
Chasing the butterflies ;
Hunting the mystic land-rail
Over the grassy slope ;
Hunting, but baffled ever,
Just as I 've been by hope.

Can this be Love ?

Creeping under the hedges,
 Climbing up on the walls,
 Little heeding the scratches,
 Seldom hurt by the falls ;
 Watching the sturdy reapers
 Smiting the golden grain ;
 Out in the glowing sunshine,
 Out in the gushing rain :
 Oh to rub out my wrinkles !
 Oh to be young again !

CAN THIS BE LOVE?

A BALLAD.

WHAT ails my heart to flutter so,
 Whene'er I meet his eye ?
 Why shakes my voice, or sinks so low,
 Whenever he draws nigh ?
 What ever makes the world so bright
 When he is near and gay,
 But wear the sable hue of night
 When he is far away ?

When I am drinking in his words,
 How swift the wingèd hours !
 How musical the songs of birds !
 How sweet the scented flowers !

A glamour hangs on all below,
A glory floats above :
I wonder why it should be so—
Can this—can this be love ?
Ah, surely this is love !

THE NIGHT WINDS SPEAK IN THE OLD,
OLD TONE.

A BALLAD.

WE met by the old kirk-stile at eve,
For, though I was often, often forbid,
I came to the trysting by true love's leave,
And we met at the old kirk-stile, we did.

They said he was poor, I nurtured in wealth,
But his love was a priceless mine to me,
And his manly daring and ruddy health
Were better than titles and pedigree.

But he sailed away to a foreign land
To conquer a fortune fitting his bride ;
And he never returned to claim my hand,
For his ship went under, not over, the tide.

And I come to the old kirk-stile at eve,
And sit by myself on the mossy stone ;
I have ceased to hope, I have ceased to grieve,
But the night winds speak in the old, old tone.

WE HAVE THE WORLD BEFORE US.

BE mine to chant a merry stave
And yours to join in chorus ;
For why should we be dull and grave ?
We have the world before us.

Why should we mourn departed joys
Which time can ne'er restore us ?
Why mix our mirth with sad alloys ?
We have the world before us.

Be Fortune sterner than she's been
Since nurse in swaddlings bore us—
Shall we succumb beneath her spleen ?
We have the world before us.

Let scornful beauties toss the head,
And hint they don't adore us ;
As fair as they are yet unwed—
We have the world before us.

We know that time's unwearied foot
With silent steps steals o'er us,
That hollow hearts and guileful arts
Are in the world before us.

But shall we thence for ills to come
Like silly fools deplore us,
And add our griefs to swell the sum
Of those that are before us ?

Let honour be our polar star,
With virtue's banner o'er us,
And scarce will future evils mar
The joys that are before us.

To those who don't admire our song,
To all who won't *encore* us,
We say—The world is broad and long,
Its favours are before us.

MARITIMA, THE OCEAN CHILD.

A BALLAD.

Thus spoke the Captain of our ship,
Becalmed a-near the Line,
'I'll tell you how so fair a girl
Has linked her lot to mine :

'We saved her off a sinking wreck,
When winds and waves were wild,
And "Maritima" was the name
We gave the ocean child.

' She was a gentle tiny thing,
But beautiful to see,
And never seemed so happy as
When prattling on my knee.

' She learnt to run about the ship,
And grew the sailors' pride,
But never seemed so happy as
When tripping by my side.

' She grew a tall and comely lass,
With soft and sunny hair,
And eyes that looked into my heart,
So full of love they were.

' But people said 'twas very wrong,
And I was ill at ease,
That she, a girl, with bearded men
Should sail the stormy seas.

' I knew the sailors loved her all,
And yet I had my fears ;
But when I moved that we should part,
She shed a sea of tears.

“ Then be my wedded wife !” I cried ;
She raised her head and smiled,
And still she is my heart's delight,
My darling ocean child !

THE TRYSTING.

O MEET me at eve in the valley,
Beneath the grey church on the hill ;
I 'll wait at the end of the alley
That leads to the old ruined mill.

O come, for there 's something I 'm dying
With burning desire to impart ;
A something which long has been lying
Just ready to burst from my heart.

O come, and I 'll whisper it only,
I 'll whisper it low in your ear ;
Moreover, the valley is lonely,
And so you 'll have nothing to fear.

O come when the zephyrs are wending
Their odorous way through the grove,
While Sol in departure is blending
His gold with the azure above.

O come, as I ever have found you,
With smiles on your beautiful lips,
As if Fate had scattered around you
A gladness that nought could eclipse.

O come, and I 'll whisper my story,
I 'll whisper it low in your ear ;
O come, like a spirit of glory
Descended to bless and to cheer.

SONG OF THE RAILWAY GUARD.

‘ALL right ! All right !’
Away and away
Through the beamless night
Or the sunlit day,
I and my iron steed
On our iron pathway speed.

Like the rushing wind,
Like the lightning’s flash,
Like a glance of the mind,
Untiring we dash
Through the haunts of men,
Through the lonely glen,

O’er meadow and stream
Where the lambkins bleat,
Where the eagles scream
In the summer’s heat,
In the winter’s snow,
Whether the breezes sleep or blow ;

Bearing the commerce of every clime,
Onward we go at a pace sublime,
Outspeeding all save the foot of Time.

A SPRING SONG.

I.

SURLY Winter is soft'ning his reign,
Blossoms are whit'ning down in the lane,
 Bees through the arbours are humming.
Over the mountains, over the main,
Over the valleys, over the plain,
 The beautiful Spring is coming,
 Is coming, is coming,
 The beautiful Spring is coming.

II.

Eyes that are dimmed by misfortune's tear,
Limbs that have shivered in winter sere,
 Hearts that are wearily aching,
Brighter, blither, and better of cheer,
Now may ye be, for balmy and clear
 The beautiful Spring is breaking ;
Deep in the forest, and wide on the mere,
 The beautiful Spring is breaking,
 Is breaking, is breaking.

A SUMMER SONG.

THE beautiful Summer hath come from the south,
And verdure and fragrance are blown from his mouth,
The hills are empurpled, the valleys below
In leafage and blossoms are gardens aglow.

The streamlets are rippling in music along,
The forests are vocal with love-speaking song,
And all on the ocean, on earth, and in air,
Are rapture and radiance unspeakably fair.

Oh beautiful Summer ! why art thou so sweet,
Or why dost thou leave us with footsteps so fleet ?
Ah Summer ! sweet Summer ! the young and the grey
Would love thee for ever if thou wouldst but stay.

A WINTER SONG.

THE leaves have fallen from the trees ;
The fields are bleak and bare ;
The birds of song have crossed the seas
In quest of summer air.
Ah ! happy, happy birds to flee
And leave this wintry world to me !

This wintry world of wind and rain,
Of hail, and sleet, and snow,
Of storms careering o'er the main,
And threat'ning all below ;
Ah ! happy, happy birds to flee
And leave this wintry world to me !

But pile the coals up in the grate,
And set the lights ablaze,

For griefs indulged but darken fate,
And mar our nights and days ;
Let feathered songsters come or flee,
What signifies their flight to me ?

Ho ! heap the dainties on the board,
And pour the sparkling wine,
Let Mirth preside, the jocund lord,
And Beauty's smile be mine :
Let feathered songsters come or flee,
Within my heart shall summer be,
Bright summer be, sweet summer be,
Within my heart shall summer be.

KATE NICHOLSON.

KATE NICHOLSON ! Kate Nicholson !

I saw ye only ance,
But in my memory ye hae run
For ever, ever since ;
Your sunny face an' laughin' een
• My simple heart ensnared,
An' ye hae been its rulin' queen
Where'er my feet hae fared.

' Kate Nicholson ! Kate Nicholson !'

I murmur nicht an' day ;
But I hae fortune still to win
An' doubtful is the fray ;

Boys' Holiday Song.

As listening for the melody
That fainter poured from bush and tree ;
For fast the sun in cloudless blue
Towards the purpling mountains drew.

Though still his gleams on grove and glade,
And rippling waters softly played,
And all around appeared so fair,
I felt that Paradise was there.

And gazing on the blissful scene,
The golden waves, the forest green,
On her who sat myself beside,
Transported with delight I cried—

'O fairest, dearest maid, be mine,
For ever let our lives entwine,'
And met the sweetest of replies—
The love-light from my Mary's eyes.

BOYS' HOLIDAY SONG.

WE'LL make our voices chime
To greet the merry time ;
And we a joyful song will raise
To hail the happy holidays ;
The days, the days
Of merry pranks and plays.

Boys' Holiday Song.

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The holidays are here,
The gayest of the year ;
The pretty, pretty flow'rets spring,
The butterflies are on the wing ;
 With song, with song
The fields and forests ring.

From mountain and from vale
Sweet odours scent the gale ;
The earth is gay with golden light ;
But ah ! too rapid is the flight
 Of days, of days
So beautiful and bright.

Away, ye musty books,
Go, sleep in dusky nooks !
We hear our merry comrades call ;
We 're off with wickets, bats, and ball ;
 No work, no work,
But merry play for all.

We 'll make our voices chime
To greet the merry time ;
And we a joyful song will raise
To hail the happy holidays ;
 The days, the days
Of merry pranks and plays.

AULD DUNCAN.

A BALLAD.

AULD DUNCAN was stiff an' rheumatic,
A martyr to spasms and pains ;
His bluid was sae chill an' phlegmatic,
It scarcely wad crawl through his veins.

In winter he shivered, an' toastit
His shins by the side o' the fire ;
In simmer he hirpled an' hostit,
An' death was his only desire.

His wife, wi' his grainin' sae weary,
Was fain to have seen him awa' ;
But wasna it dowie an' eerie?—
Hersel' was the first gat the ca'.

Then Duncan's rheumatics forsook him,
His pains an' his aches took their flicht ;
To market an' kirk he betook him,
Fu' gleg o' baith hearin' an' sicht.

He jokit, he leer'd, an' he smirkit,
The hearts o' the fair to engage ;
Ere sax months he'd marrit an' kirkit
A hizzy o' half his ain age !

The limmer ! ah, sair she tormentit
An' worrit the auld body's life,
Till hourly he grat an' lamentit
The loss o' his ancient guidwife.

THE WILLING MAIDEN.

Gin Johnny come na here for love,
I've little skeel o' men,
But gin his love will marriage move
I dinna, dinna ken.

I never seem to ken or care
Hoo aft he come or gang,
Tho' twenty times an' twenty mair
He's come an' sitten lang.

An' tho' he's aye sae mim an' douce,
Yet I can brawly see
That but the house, an' ben the house,
He herds me wi' his e'e.

An' tho' they say I'm hard o' heart,
He wadna find it sae,
For gin he likes to say the word
I winna answer nae.

He's nae a man o' muckle gear,
But I hae heard it said,
Wi' health an' strength we needna fear
To win our daily bread.

An' tho' our path at times might be
Beset wi' vexin' care,
Gin Johnny tak' the yoke wi' me,
I'll try to pu' my share.

I DAURNA COME COURTIN' THEE.

I CANNA come courtin' thee, Mary,
I daurna come courtin' thee,
For your father would frown
And your mither look down
In high disdain upon me, Mary—
In high disdain upon me.

Ye ken 'at I loe ye weel, Mary,
For lang I hae lo'ed ye weel :
An affection so true
As I cherish for you,
But hearts like mine ever feel, Mary —
The ardent only can feel.

But beauty and wealth are thine, Mary—
Ay, beauty and wealth are thine,
While the hope-blighting curse
Of an ill-plenished purse
Is doomed by the fates to be mine, Mary—
Still doomed by the fates to be mine.

Yet I never found fault with fate, Mary—
I patiently bowed to my fate ;
Ever willing to toil
Like a serf of the soil,
I drudged both early and late, Mary—
Aye drudged both early and late.

But e'er since I met with thee, Mary,
Displeased with the Fates' decree,
Do I murmur and whine
That a fortune's not mine,
To make me a match for thee, Mary—
To make me a match for thee.

I cheerily followed the plough, Mary,
Once whistling followed the plough ;
Now I heartlessly sigh,
With the tear in my eye,
And it's all, all drudgery now, Mary—
It's all, all drudgery now.

THE BONNIE LASS O' KIRKWALL.

O WERE ye e'er in Kirkwall toon,
Or did ye chance to see
A lassie there wi' raven hair,
An' brichtly glancin' e'e ?
I canna tell you o' her house ;
I dinna ken her name ;
But this I ken, her pawkie een
Has set my heart on flame.

For I've been south, an' I've been north,
But never yet have seen
Anither face sae fu' o' grace,
An' twa sic witchin' een.

The lasses o' the sunny south,
They're bonnie an' they're braw ;
But the bonnie lass o' Kirkwall toon,
In truth she dings them a'.

Were I a man o' gowd an' gear,
As I'm a man o' nane,
I'd lay my treasures at her feet,
An' ask her for my ain.
Or would she leave her island home,
An' share my humble cot,
There's nae a king in Christendom
I'd envy for his lot.

I dinna ken my lassie's house ;
I ken nae where to speir ;
But I would gang a hundred miles
Through winter's storms to see her.
An' gin ye be in Kirkwall toon,
An' thereabout should see
The bonniest lass that e'er ye saw,
Be sure it's nane but she.

THE CHILD AND THE BIRD.

CHILD.

LITTLE bird, little bird, up on the spray,
Joining thy voice to the voices of May,
Art thou not a-weary all the day long
Straining thy wee throat and pouring thy song ?

Little bird, little bird, evening is near,
Come into my chamber and rest without fear.

BIRD.

Little child, little child, all the long day
Do not thy tiny feet patter and play,
Up and down, out and in, never at rest,
Till sleep fold thy fingers upon thy wee breast ?
Little child, little child, song is to me
As needful, as joyful, as play is to thee.

DUET.

Child and bird, child and bird, over us fleet
Sunny hours, golden hours, hours ever sweet,
While earth is in blossom, and life is in spring,
And light-hearted laughter and merry songs ring.

CHILD.

Little bird, little bird, were it not well
Thou shouldst consent in my chamber to dwell ?
Storm could not frighten here, hawk could not take,
And well would I feed thee with sugar and cake ;
Little bird, little bird, shelter thee here
And never know hunger, danger, nor fear.

BIRD.

Little child, little child, dost thou not know
How the years come, and the glad spirits go ?
Soon may the joyance thou woo'st me to share
Change for thyself into sorrow and care.
Sport in thy chamber, sweet child, whilst thou may,
I'll warble my ditties up here on the spray.

M

DUET.

Child in the chamber, and bird in the tree,
Each will have cares, will have sorrows to dree.
Droop the wing, cease to sing, never more play.
Ah ! these are gloomy thoughts, chase them away
Gloomy thoughts, gloomy thoughts, chase them aw

THE INVITATION.

Noo surly Winter's ta'en the gate
Oot owre the hills an' far awa' ;
The flowers are springin' ear' an' late,
An' saft the wastlin' breezes blaw.

The Feugh is wimplin' through the woods
To mingle fortunes with the Dee ;
The Dee is rollin' doon his floods
To join the smilin' simmer sea.

The laverock frae the welkin clear
Flings tender ditties to his love,
An' croodlin' in the thicket near
I hear the amorous cushat-dove.

Come, Lizzie, leave your hoosehold cares,
We'll seize the raptures at oor han',
An' wander forth like ither pairs,
The blithest pair in a' the lan'.

I WINNA TAK' HIM.

My sister says that I sud tak' him
For sake o' sic a hame ;
But yet, though a' my kin sud back him,
I winna bear his name.

For weel I ken, wi' a' his gear,
He's nae the man for me ;
The reason why ye needna speir,
When Willie mine may be.

My Willie, stamp't frae Nature's mint,
Has honour on his broo ;
Wi' Willie I wad be content
In barer hame than noo.

My sister needna deave me mair,
Her choice I maun decline ;
The frowns o' a' my kin I'll dare
Wi' Willie's hand in mine.

MY LIZZIE'S CHARMS.

THE snaws may fa', the rains may pour,
Aboon my cottage riggin',
The win's aroun' the chimney roar,
Until they rock the biggin'.

But what care I for tempests' din?
I'll spin my cheerie jingle,
While peace an' love are baith within
Beside my cosy ingle.

Afar frae camps an' war's alarms,
Frae courts an' courtly duties,
I'll sing my Lizzie's artless charms
Aboon a' titled beauties.

Her sparklin' een, her gracefu' mien,
Gar ilka ane adore her,
There's nae a princess, nae a queen,
That I would place afore her.

The best amang the guid is she,
The bonniest o' the bonnie;
My Lizzie's love is a' for me;
I lo'e her best o' ony.

O Fortune, I hae found ye still
A thrawn an' niggard hizzie;
But haud or gi'e whate'er ye will,
Sin' ye hae gi'en me Lizzie.

THE AE KISS.

THE nicht, as I cam' doon the glen,
I met wi' cousin Jane;
She ga'e me kisses nine or ten,
Though ye wad gi'e but ane.

An' kisses sweet I wat they were,
An' sweetly were they gi'en,
Yet nae sae sweet 's the ae kiss
Ye ga'e to me yestreen.
The ae kiss, the ae kiss,
Nae half sae sweet 's the ae kiss
Ye ga'e to me yestreen.

Her hair is like the flossy flax,
Her broo like drifted snaw,
Her roguish een were surely gi'en
For stealin' hearts awa'.
An' redder, ripier lips than hers
I'm sure were never seen,
Yet wae betide the ae kiss
Ye ga'e to me yestreen !
The ae kiss, the ae kiss,
Oh wae betide the ae kiss
Ye ga'e to me yestreen !

I cudna think her half sae fair
As what she used to seem,
When she was daily a' my thocht,
An' nichtly in my dream.
I cudna feel the blinks o' bliss
That glinted frae her een
For thinkin' on the ae kiss
Ye ga'e to me yestreen.
The ae kiss, the ae kiss,
A glamour sure was in the kiss
Ye ga'e to me yestreen.

THE TROUBADOUR.

A DUET.

LADY.

TROUBADOUR, troubadour, whither along ?
Cold is the world to thee nathless thy song.
Nigh shoeless thy feet are, thy raiment is bare,
Thy face hath a tale in 't of travail and care.
Why, why wilt thou wander in hardship and pain,
Spending life's summer in toil without gain ?

TROUBADOUR.

Lady fair, lady fair, fain would I stay,
But a voice in the distance reproves my delay,
'Tis less than a voice—'tis a whisper, a tone,
A far-fading echo that summons me on,
It charms me, allures me ; I yield to its spell,
And go where it guides me—farewell, and farewell !

DUET.

Sweet spirit of poesy, strange magic of song,
Inspiring the weak, and subduing the strong,
Your glamour steals o'er us, we yield to its spell,
Though whence comes its potence no mortal can tell
Yet woe to the minstrel, though prized be his strain,
His portion 'mid mankind is hardship and pain.

LOVE SONG—THE DEAR LITTLE YES.

I.

O LOVE, with the flaxen hair
And eyes of supernal blue !
O love, with the face so fair,
The heart so tender and true,
In the thralldom of care,
In the gloom of despair,
I conjure thine image to view,
And my heart becomes light,
And I rise in the might
Of a vigour all hopeful and new.

II.

O love, whose song is the bird's
Chanting its matins in May !
O love, whose simplest words
Are sweeter than minstrel's lay !
The shadows that fall
On my life like a pall,
Each, all, would be brightened away
If thou wouldst but bless
With the dear little YES,
Which would make thee my darling for aye,
Mine own cherished darling for aye !

THE ANGEL BIRD.

O BONNIE bird ! O bonnie bird !
I wis' I kent yer sang,
Methinks it tells whaur Jamie is,
An' hoo he bides sae lang.

'Tis weary months an' weary years
Sin' Jamie gae'd to sea—
O bonnie bird ! O bonnie bird !
What keeps my love frae me ?

Methinks ye are an angel sent
Frae some far distant pairt
To ease me o' the dowie grief
That wears awa' my hairt.

Ye're nae a bird o' Scotia's breed ;
Yer like I never saw,
I never heard sae sweet a voice
Sin' Jamie gaed awa'.

Ye're nae a bird o' earthly race,
Yer feathers are sae fair,
Ye maun hae come frae Paradise,
Sent down by Jamie there.

I ken my Jamie maun be drowned,
For it cud never be
That ony other han' than death's
Cud haud him back frae me.

O bonnie bird! O angel bird!
When ye return aboon,
To Jamie there the message bear,
That I shall join him soon.

O bonnie bird! O angel bird!
Yer sang, sae heavenly sweet,
Wad ance hae filled my een wi' tears,
But noo I canna greet.

THE MERMAN'S SONG.

CRIED a voice frae the depths o' the deep blue sea—
'Come doon, darlin' lassie, come doon here to me!
I'll mak' ye a hame in a bricht sparry cave,
Whaur breakers ne'er thunder, whaur winds never rave,
For I ken o' a grotto, the fairest, whaur lies
The spoils of a myriad of argosies,
Whaur jewels o' the sea, an' jewels o' the lan'
Are waitin' to shine on your lily-white han'.
Diamonds an' rubies an' pearls sae fair
Shall glow on yer bosom and gleam in yer hair,
An' nane shall be deckit nor dawtit as ye
In oor hame 'neath the depths o' the deep blue sea.
Come doon, darlin' lassie, come under the waves,
An' be bride to a merman 'midst bricht sparry caves.'

THE ROBINS—A CHILD'S SONG.

THE robins came to our door,
To our door, to our door,
The robins came to our door
When snow was on the ground.

We broke a crust of stale bread,
Of stale bread, of stale bread,
We broke a crust of stale bread
And strewed the crumbs around.

The robins came and pecked them up,
Pecked them up, pecked them up,
The robins came and pecked them up,
With chirps of cheerful sound.

And always when the robins come,
The robins come, the robins come,
And always when the robins come,
Another crust is found.

O NEVER SIGH THOUGH FRIENDS FORGET.

Fortizza dell' anima.

O NEVER sigh though friends forget,
And fickle love forsake you,
Though frowning Fortune hourly strive
How wretched she can make you.

The drearest night gives place to day,
The storm to sunny weather,
When mountains change their sunny vests
For robes of blooming heather.

So ne'er give up the reins to grief,
Nor think your ills unending,
For, when your fortune's reached its worst,
It must begin amending.

The man that groans beneath the weight
Of every ill that tries us,
Is like the pithless reed that bends
'Neath every breeze that rises.

The man who meets with mind serene
The ills our lot attending,
Is like the sturdy mountain oak
That braves the blast unbending.

He finds the bleakest wastes of life
Have something still to charm him ;
He plucks the rose and skips the thorns,
Defying fate to harm him.

SONG TO ARABELLA.

ARABELLA, I 'm in dreamland,
And you are by my side ;
Above our heads the raptured hours
Like wingèd moments glide.

188 *A Youth sat Dreaming by a Brook.*

We roam alone through leafy wood,
We sit by flowery stream,
Whose ripples in the summer sun
Like silver spangles gleam.

I feel the pressure of your hand,
Your eyes respond to mine ;
Your tongue keeps weaving bands of love
Life's years can ne'er entwine.

I would not wake to earnest life,
And miss you from my side,
But let my life, if these are dreams,
In dreams for ever glide.

A YOUTH SAT DREAMING BY A BROOK.

A BALLAD.

BESIDE his idle line and hook,
While yet the sun shone clearly,
A youth sat dreaming by a brook
Of her he loved most dearly.

'My heart, my heart is caught,' he cried,
'No troutlet ever surer !
Ah ! would that Annette were my bride,
None fairer is or purer.'

A face was mirrored on the stream,
A smile full oft denied him ;
He started from his waking dream,
Sweet Annette stood beside him.

O boon of Love ! beneath the skies
Man's best since being moved him ;
Young Edwin gazed in Annette's eyes,
And knew that Annette loved him.

‘AH ! HOW WILL THEY GREET US?’

‘Our regiment had been long absent ; home communications had become fewer and fewer—in fact, with some of the officers and many of the men, had ceased for years ; and as we neared the harbour, and saw crowds of our countrymen and countrywomen waiting our arrival on the pier, the agony of anxiety became maddening.’—*An Officer's description of his return from India.*

O’ER billows careering,
The port we are nearing,
Where friends are appearing,
All eager to meet us.
With tidings to gladden,
With tidings to sadden,
With tidings to madden—
Ah ! how will they greet us ?

Our bosoms are swelling,
With feelings up-welling,
With thoughts there's no quelling,
With hopes which may cheat us.
Now hoping, now fearing,
O'er billows careering,
Our friends we are nearing—
Ah ! how will they greet us ?

JOHNNY, MAN, I'M WANTIN' SILLER.

I'm nae a man to mak' complaint
 At ilka turn o' wind an' weather,
 Wi' warldly life I'm weel content
 Though it's nae faultless a'thegether ;
 My very wife—an' mair's the shame
 There are sae mony marrows till her—
 Has ae bit faut I'm wae to name—
 Her cry is aye, 'I'm wantin' siller.'

Chorus—The constant sang where'er I gang
 Is, 'Johnny, man, I'm wantin' siller ;'
 The constant sang where'er I gang
 Is, 'Johnny, man, I'm wantin' siller.'

I hinna prospered weel in trade,
 An aye the times are gettin' harder,
 Wi' profits sma' an' sma'er made
 While mou's grow mair to toom the larde
 But still my Katie's cry's the same,
 Or maybe sharper whiles an' shriller,
 Her constant cry when I come hame
 Is, 'Johnny, man, I'm wantin' siller.'

Chorus—The constant sang where'er I gang, *etc.*

I hae a thrivin' brither Tam,
 At fifty years an' three he's single ;
 But yet for his, though poor I am
 I wadna change my canty ingle ;

For Katie has a couthie wye
That won my hairt an' knits it till her,
In spite o' that dementin' cry
O' ' Johnny, man, I 'm wantin' siller.'

Chorus—The constant sang where'er I gang, *etc.*

I lo'e my wife, I lo'e my bairns ;
Gin Fortune wad but use me better
I'd buy them bonnie things in cairns
An' nane hae power to ca' me debtor ;
But plague on Fortune ! a' my life
I've found in her a sair ill-willer,
An' ithers noo as weel's my wife
Cry, ' Johnny, man, I'm wantin' siller.'

Chorus—The constant sang where'er I gang, *etc.*

But I've a frien' o' genius rare
Wha has a clever scheme to patent
For keepin' wives an' bairns on air
Or something in the air that's latent ;
Gin it succeed, nae mair I'll dread
To meet the souter or the miller,
Nor yet will Katie craze my head
Wi' ' Johnny, man, I 'm wantin' siller.'

Chorus—The constant sang where'er I gang, *etc.*

A Gipsy Chorus.

A GIPSY CHORUS.

FROM place to place we gaily roam,
We make and sell our wares,
And always find a fitting home
Unvexed by Fashion's cares.
The gay Bohemian life we lead
Is hearty, hale, and free,
Howe'er gentility may plead
Its non-gentility.

They call us idlers, cheats, and tramps,
But we their scorn defy
So long as we can pitch our camps
Beneath a rural sky.
The gay Bohemian life we lead
Is hearty, hale, and free,
Howe'er gentility may plead
Its non-gentility.

The leafy woods, the verdant grass,
The rough-and-ready cheer,
The sturdy lad, the winsome lass,
To gipsy hearts are dear.
The gay Bohemian life we lead
Is hearty, hale, and free,
Although gentility may plead
Its non-gentility.

We envy neither pope nor king,
We let the world go by,
And laugh, and quaff, and dance, and sing,
Beneath the sunny sky.
The gay Bohemian life we lead
Is hearty, hale, and free,
Howe'er gentility may plead
Its non-gentility.

A PATRIOTIC SONG.

WHEN Britain into being rose,
Her Maker stamped her free,
And gave to guard from grasping foes
A zone of girdling sea.
Her daughters, formed in Beauty's mould,
Were dow'ed with matchless charms,
Her sons, the boldest of the bold,
No equals found in arms.

We Britons still our birthright prize,
And unimpaired retain,
Beneath whatever change of skies,
Whatever change of reign.
And where oppression rears his head,
Or base submission cowers,
Our name evokes the tyrant's dread,
The slave's resistive powers.

The Glittering Eye.

Our fathers proved Britannia's might
O'er mild and torrid zone,
Undaunted guardians of the right,
A brother's as their own.
The glorious cause which they upheld,
That cause uphold will we
Till stern oppression shall be quelled
On every land and sea.

Yea, by the memories of our sires,
Who died on field or flood
In Freedom's cause with equal fires,
We stand as they have stood.
The friends of liberty and truth,
With willing heart and hands,
To-day, as in our island's youth,
Each free-born Briton stands.

THE GLITTERING EYE.

I 'LL tell you how she jilted me,
The story is not long,
And then the less to weary you,
I'll tell my woes in song.
For like the ' Ancient Mariner,'
The stranger I assail,
And hold him with my glittering eye
Till he hath heard my tale.

We met, we loved, we plighted vows,
We parted both in tears,

We wrote in strains of burning love
Our plans, our hopes and fears ;
For, like an ardent lovier,
Her heart I did assail,
And held her with my glittering eye
Till I had told my tale.

I thought her heart was all my own—
A trusting, doting fool ;
But when she knew how poor I was,
Her love began to cool ;
Now, like the ' Ancient Mariner,'
The stranger I assail,
And hold him with my glittering eye
Till he hath heard my tale.

Another suitor sought her hand,
With future not so dim,
' Struck ile ' had he in foreign parts,
And so she married him ;
For, like an ardent lovier,
Her heart he did assail,
And held her with his glittering eye
Till she had heard his tale.

A splendid ' breach of promise case '
In mine my lawyer saw ;
A farthing damages I got,
And paid my costs at law ;
Now like the ' Ancient Mariner,'
The stranger I assail,
And hold him with my glittering eye
Till he hath heard my tale.

AN EXILE'S SONG.

FAR, far in foreign lands
Fated to roam,
Friends who have pressed my hands,
Loved me at home,
Friends have forgot my face,
Hold me as dead ;
In my first dwelling-place,
Stranger feet tread.

Oft do I sit in dreams
Where the woods wave,
Oft in the crystal streams
Lips and brow lave.
Must I in dreams alone
Roam at sweet will,
As in long years ago,
Valley and hill ?

Early loves ne'er forgot,
Early friends, hail !
Meet we or meet we not,
Till the pulse fail ;
Ye must remain with me,
Go where I go,
Graven on memory
Through weal and woe.

THE LUCKLESS LOVE O' TAILYOUR TAM.

THERE wons a miller near the Dee,
Wha has a dochter Nancy,
Wha has a something in her e'e
That surely is unchancy.

I dinna ken when wise King James
O' Britain swayed the sceptre,
But water-pot or lowin' flames
Frae mischief wad hae kept her.

But as it is she's witched a chiel,
The tailyour at the Murtle,
Till white his face as ony meal
That e'er was steered by spurtle.

He's dwinin,' deein' for her sake,
And yet she winna hae 'im,
Altho' a lad o' comely make,
And evil nane can say 'im.

The heartless jade she sees him fade
Aneath a hopeless passion ;
She scorns his suit, although 'tis made
Upon the newest fashion.

Alas ! in thae degenerate days,
We dinna burn our witches,
Else I sud cure the tailyour's craze,
An' free him frae his stitches.

THE FARMER'S WOOIN':

A DEESIDE SANG.

THERE wanned a farmer near the Dee,
A wealthy wily carle, O,
A bonnie lassie met his e'e,
Somewhere about Inchmarlo.
'My cantie quean,' the farmer cried,
'I'm seeking for a marrow;
And if ye will but be my bride,
Ye'se trail my easy harrow.'
'Good man,' quoth she, 'that canna be;
I'm promised to the weaver,
The house is sought, the ring is bought;
I maunna turn deceiver.
My lad is poor, but I'm content
To be his wedded dearie,
He'll win our bread and pay our rent,
While true love keeps us cheery.'
'A struggling, starving wabster's wife!'
Exclaimed the wily farmer;
'With me how different were your life!'
He knew the way to charm her—
'I've horse, and kye, and sheep forbye,
I've pigs and poultry plenty;
You'd share my best, at pleasure drest
In silks and satins dainty.'
'In silks and satins!' cried the maid,
In dress a true believer;
'O kind gudeman, I'm sore afraid
I'll have to jilt the weaver!'

And thus the farmer's suit prevails,
Alas ! within the warl', O,
Wealth wins the prize and true love fails
Elsewhere than at Inchmarlo.

THE NAGGLETONS.

Love often flies oot at the window
As Poortith comes in at the door,
An' leaves unca little ahin' too
That brichtened existence afore.

John mairrit his Effie at twenty,
An' had a gudewife unsurpassed,
For Fortune had blessed them wi' plenty,
An' smoothly the sunny years passed.

But first came a loss wi' a brither,
An' neist in the brak' o' a bank,
His penny an' Effie's thegither
Were equally swallowed an' sank.

An' sober sin' syne is their dinner,
Their supper fu' aft but a bite ;
An' John thinks that Effie's the sinner,
While Effie gies John a' the wyte.

As age wi' his ailments advances
They nagget ilk ither doon hill,
Oppressed by mistaks an' mischances,
Whase remedy baffles their skill.

Never meet Troubles half-way.

For Love flew awa' through the window
 As Poortith cam' in at the door,
 An' oh ! there's richt little ahin' noo
 To brichten their lot at threescore.

For the hardships o' Fortune are doubled
 Alike in number an' weight,
 Gin ane, when the ither is troubled,
 But adds to the worry an' fret.

While burdens seem fewer an' lichter,
 An' smother an' shorter the brae,
 An' threatfulest skies become brichter
 When Love is the guide o' the way.

NEVER MEET TROUBLES HALF-WAY.

AROUND us is raging the battle of life,
 We all must take part in the fray,
 And some must be posted where buffets are rife,
 But never meet troubles half-way,
 Half-way, half-way,
 O never meet troubles half-way.

Our Captain hath wisely allotted to each
 His station, his strength, and his day,
 Set one in the trenches, and one in the breach,
 And wherefore meet troubles half-way,
 Half-way, half-way ?
 O never meet troubles half-way.

Ye tell me the weakest must go to the wall ;
The adage I dare to gainsay ;
The weakest may stand and the strongest may fall
So never meet troubles half-way,
Half-way, half-way,
O never meet troubles half-way.

Look hopefully forward, not ruefully back,
Unquelled by despair or dismay ;
The strongest are those for defence or attack
That never meet troubles half-way,
Half-way, half-way.
O never meet troubles half-way.

AULD SCOTLAND YET !

(Composed on the heights above Rouen.)

AULD Scotland yet ! auld Scotland yet !
Though bigger lands there be,
Thy beauties I can ne'er forget,
Far less can lightly thee.
There's nae a land aneath the sun—
An' nane do I despise—
A warmer love frae me can win
Or mair delight mine eyes.

My Fatherland !—My Mitherland !—
There's nae a term in speech
Will shape itsel' at my command
My love for thee to reach—

Auld Scotland yet ! auld Scotland yet !
Whatever lands I see,
Within my benmost bosom set
Owre a' thou bear'st the gree.

THE LAST SONG OF THE SEASON.

DAME NATURE has changed her many-hued gown,
For a sad-looking vestment of yellow and brown ;
Scarce a flower that bespangled her dress can be found,
They're deep in her wardrobe that's under the ground ;
I'm sorry she thought that it did not become her,
That beautiful garb which she wore through the summer ;
But ladies, you know, have ever a passion
To keep at the heels of the little god Fashion,
And in this town of ours I hear there's a rumour,
That Nature intends to come out *à la Bloomer*,
And I won't be surprised, nor either ought you,
When Spring comes to find the prediction prove true ;
But let her put on any garb that she may,
I can't like her less than I like her to-day ;
Oh, her looks and her humour don't suit me at all,
She's as dull as a lady fagged out at a ball.
Not a voice in the woods, nor a song from the sky,
All sullen, and silent ! so also shall I ;
Lest you should complain, with a shadow of reason,
Of the dulness of this, MY LAST SONG OF THE SEASON.

TRANSLATIONS AND PARAPHRASES

FROM

GERMAN, FRENCH, ITALIAN, LATIN,
AND GREEK.

THE WAY TO PARADISE.

(From the German of Vogl.)

‘WHAT seeks the child so often
This hospital before ?
Why comes she always weeping
And knocking at the door ?’

‘I pray thee let me enter,
I seek my mother dear ;
Two weary months are ended
Since she was carried here.’

‘Thou hapless little maiden,
I pity thee full sore ;
Yet thou wilt find thy mother,
Ah ! never, never more ;

‘For know, the cold earth o’er her
A week ago was placed.’
So spake the aged porter,
And shut the door in haste.

Yet long before the portal
The weeping infant stays,
As if the porter’s answer
No sense to her conveys.

At length in silent sorrow
Returns she to the dame,
Who tends her as a mother
Since God her own did claim.

But early on the morrow
Returns she as before ;
With tiny hands keeps knocking,
And will not leave the door.

'Oh porter ! naughty porter !
Do let me in, I pray ;
At home I cannot tarry,
When mother is away !'

Then answers her the porter,—
'Poor child ! in vain your cries,
Your mother, gone from mortals,
Now lives in Paradise !'

He shuts, and now the infant,
Alone with her despair,
Of Paradise stands thinking,
And how she may get there.

Then forth with feet uncovered,
And thin and scanty dress,
Along the stony pathway
She speeds in sore distress.

And meekly asks each passer
Where'er her journey lies,
'O tell me, I beseech thee,
The way to Paradise !'

But none can tell her truly
Where that dear place may be :
So always speeding onward
And further on goes she.

When night, with gloomy horrors,
Around her grimly falls,
She sinks with hands enfolded
And on her Maker calls.

And 'neath the sheaves of harvest
Reclines the wearied one,
Till bright the fields are shining
Beneath the morning sun.

Then up again, and onward,
And further on she hies,
Imploring of each passer
The way to Paradise.

The sympathising people
Bewail her sad pursuit ;
And many a kindly mother
Presents her bread and fruit.

So wanders always further
The child from place to place,
Until her feet with walking
Are in an evil case.

Her hair is sorely tangled,
Her cheeks are sunk and pale,
Her garments dank and draggled
Around her cling and trail.

Thus fourteen days have drifted
With Time's incessant tide,
Since from her father's cottage
The infant wandered wide.

And now (grown more dejected,
And weak and weaker still,
Her tiny feet refusing
To aid her eager will)

Against the vaulted welkin
She sees a convent rise,
Its gilded spires are sparkling
Beneath the morning skies.

And thither creeping slowly,
Half dead with toil and cold,
To knock for aid and counsel
The drooping child makes bold.

And quickly at the summons
A sister hastens near,
And asks, ' Poor little infant,
What errand brings thee here ?'

' Alas ! I 've lost my mother,
She 's gone to Paradise,
Nor yet can I discover
Where that dear dwelling lies.'

' Poor hapless, hapless orphan !'
The kindly sister says,
And straight within the convent
The wondering child conveys.

And quivering with emotion,
With aspect strange and wild,
Down sinks to death exhausted
The dying angel-child.

And all the nuns come running,
Each eager to be chief
In bringing healing medicines
And yielding her relief.

And pressing closely round her
They stand with tearful eyes.
But lo! the child hath found it—
The way to Paradise!

KING ENZIO'S DEATH.

(From the German of B. F. W. Zimmermann.)

ENZIO, or Hensius, was an illegitimate son of Frederick II., of the German dynasty of Hohenstaufen. He greatly aided his father in his unsuccessful attempts to overthrow the Papal power, and was honoured with the royal title on account of his valour, his fine talents, and marvellous personal beauty. Beaten by the Bolognese in the battle of Fossalta, 1249, he was taken prisoner, and kept at Bologna in confinement more or less close, according to the turn of events, till his death, which happened twenty-two years after. He is described as of an extremely cheerful and hopeful disposition, and very fond of poetry and music, as he is portrayed in the ballad.

MESSENGER.

KING ENZIO, so beautiful,
With hair like burnished gold,
With eyes as blue as azure heaven,
Caged eagle, proud and bold,

O

King Enzo's Death.

The waves of the Reno echo
Thy free and joyous strain ;
In prison and in bondage,
Breaks not thy heart in twain ?

KING ENZIO.

In prison and in bondage
Stay joy and hope with me,
For chains may fetter the body,
But the soul, the soul is free.
Still laughs the sun in the welkin,
The stars still glitter on high ;
My father holds crown and kingdom ;
My hour of freedom is nigh.

MESSENGER.

O King, O King so beautiful,
Fling joy and hope in the sea !
No more the sun in the welkin,
The golden sun laughs he.
Let all the sources of sorrow
With blood-red currents be fed,
Nor hope for help from thy father ;
The Kaiser, the Kaiser is dead !

KING ENZIO.

And hath my father fallen ?
Is the mighty Frederick dead ?
Then God o'er me and the empire
His hand in pity spread.
For ten long months my sorrow
No gleam of joy shall know ;
For ten long months my raiment
Be the sable robes of woe.

I'll teach the birds to warble
My griefs instead of their own ;
The waves shall listen, and utter
My verse in their mournful moan ;
But again the spring shall come hither,
And songs of gladness revive ;
The stars still brighten the azure,—
My brothers for me are alive.

MESSENGER.

O King, O King so beautiful,
Fling joy and hope in the sea !
The stars have fallen from the azure,
Their brightness ceases to be.
Thy brothers have perished in battle,
In the hot and bloody fight,
And thou art the only ruin
Of thy house's royal might.

KING ENZIO.

Have the stars fallen from the welkin,
The stars so fiery and fair ?
With dust I'll spatter my raiment,
With ashes this golden hair.
As son laments for his mother,
For her young the nightingale ;
I, with tears of blood, shall my kindred
And the fall of my house bewail.

But yet the meadows shall echo
The song of the gladsome bird ;
And yet, to gladden my prison,
Shall the voice of joy be heard.

King Enzo's Death.

My father hath risen to glory,
My brothers are in the tomb ;
But friend, and harp, and true love
Are left to lessen my gloom.

Two suns, the eyes of my true love,
Beam on my prison wall,
I bask in their heavenly splendour,
And my cell is a royal hall.
The wit of my friend by the wine-cup
Brightens the fleeting hours ;
The harp resounds, and the landscape
Is radiant with blooming flowers.

MESSENGER.

O King, O King so beautiful,
Fling joy and hope in the sea !
No more can your true love dazzle ;
In the silent grave is she.
And he, thy jovial comrade,
Thy faithful friend, is dead ;
This very night on the scaffold
His blood for thee was shed.

KING ENZIO.

And has my heart's love perished,
And bled for me the true ?
Well might this heart be broken,
This heart by grief in two.
Of father, brothers, true love,
Of friend by death bereft,
Thou, harp, art all the solace
An evil fate hath left ;

And I'll tune thee to such wailings,
That the sun in cloud shall keep,
That the moon and the stars shall darken,
And the rose and the lily weep.
And still as I weave into numbers
The songs of the years gone by,
The loved and the lost shall listen,
And hover in spirit nigh.

The olden songs and gleeful
The golden bridge shall be
To carry my pale love over
With her warm, true heart to me.
The olden songs and gleeful,
Like joy-bells' sweetest chime,
Shall call from his grave my comrade,
And the olden jovial time !

MESSENGER.

O King, O King so beautiful,
Fling joy and hope in the sea !
These walls no more shall echo
The clang of thy minstrelsy.
Thy harp, the soul of joyance,
Thy foes have sworn to break,
That thou within thy prison
Yet loner moan mayst make.

KING ENZIO.

And must my harp be broken ?
Then joy and pain farewell !
You've crushed my heart within me,
Ring out my funeral knell.

Heart, harp, in music swan-like
Breathe out your latest sighs ;
Fair earth, adieu for ever,
The last of the Staufens dies !

THE WIVES OF WEINSBERG.

(From the German of Chamisso.)

IN the wars between Conrad III. (1138-1152), the first King of the celebrated Hohenstaufen dynasty, and Henry the Proud, the little town of Weinsberg, in the modern kingdom of Würtemberg, was besieged by Conrad's troops, and it was then that the event celebrated in the following ballad is said to have taken place. In a church at Weinsberg a painting may still be seen representing the women trudging out at the port with their husbands, lovers, fathers, and brothers on their backs.

THE first great Hohenstaufen,
The brave King Conrad, lay
With horse and foot at Weinsberg
For many an irksome day.
Without, the Guelfs were vanquished,
Within, the rest held out,
Defended by the valour
Of burghers firm and stout.

But hunger came, stern hunger,
In war the sharpest thorn,
And they who sued for mercy
Then met the sting of scorn :

' Here many a noble hero
By caitiff hands lies low,
But now your gates must open,
Your blood for theirs shall flow.'

Then came the women weeping—
' Alas ! that this must be ;
But grant us safe departure,
Our hands from blood are free.'
Then fell the hero's anger,
And pity filled his breast,
To see the unoffending
By anguish so distressed.

' I grant the wives of Weinsberg
Permission to go forth,
And each may bear the treasure
She deems of highest worth.
Each woman with her burden
Shall find a peaceful way ;
A King the word hath spoken—
The King shall none gainsay !'

And when the early morning
Next streaked the east with white,
The camp of the besiegers
Beheld a mirthful sight.
Then opened softly, softly,
The rampart's guarded gate,
And lo ! a line of women
Pressed through its issue strait ;

The Wives of Weinsberg.

Each loaded with her husband,
Or man of highest worth,
Her brother, sire, or true love,
The women staggered forth.
'Ha! stop the cunning women,'
Cried many an angry foe;
'Why this,' cried out the Chancellor,
'Was never meant, I trow.'

But when the King had heard it,
He laughed in merry mood—
'If that was not my meaning,
They've made the meaning good:
I've spoken what I've spoken,
A King's word fast and true;
No wise, no crafty Chancellor,
Shall change or misconstrue.'

Thus sacred and unsullied
Remained the golden crown,
And still survives the legend
Through ages handed down.
Eleven hundred and forty,
As I have heard them tell,
The year in which, at Weinsberg,
These same events befell,—
What time true love and duty
Went sweetly hand in hand,
And the word of a King was holy
In the German Fatherland.

THE LION'S BRIDE.

(From the German of Chamisso.)

WITH myrtle decked, in bridal gems arrayed,
The warder's daughter, beauteous, rosy maid,
Tripped daintily within the lion's cage,
For at her feet the lion tamed his rage.

The mighty brute, to others fierce and wild,
With her was ever tractable and mild ;
And now the tender maid, exempt from fears,
Caressed him gently midst regretful tears.

' We were, in days for ever passed away,
As child with child, companions in our play ;
Each love for each, each joy in each had we,
In childhood now remote from you and me.

' By thee protected, tranquil was my bed,
My head upon thy shaggy kingly head ;
I waxed apace, nor longer dost thou find
In me the child, with childhood's simple mind.

' My strong, my faithful, honest beast, right fain
To stay with thee would I turn child again ;
But I must follow hence, for bliss or ban,
To stranger lands, the fated stranger man :

'It pleased him to behold, and find me fair :
He wooed, and won, 'tis past, and lo ! my hair,
My good companion, wears the wreath for him,
Though thus regretful tears mine eyes bedim.

'Dost comprehend? Art wroth at what I tell?
I am prepared, be tranquil thou as well.
He comes whom I must follow, nor must grieve ;
Mine ancient friend, my parting kiss receive.'

And as the maiden stooped and kissed the brute,
The cage was shaken by a coming foot ;
The lion spied the youth beside the grate,
The bride too, saw, and trembled all too late.

For swift the lion bounded to the door,
Lashed up his wrath, and uttered roar on roar :
She coaxed, commanded, threatened, all in vain,
Nor threats could move nor blandishments re-
strain.

Without, a tumult rose of rage and fear.
'Ho !' cried the youth, 'quick ; quick, a weapon
here !
I'll shoot him down ! my aim is good and true.'
More loud and fierce the lion's fury grew.

The hapless bride the issue dared essay ;
The brute transformed rushed blindly on his prey ;
That form so fair so brief a space before,
Lay mangled, bloody, lifeless, on the floor.

And as he licked the precious blood, the brute
Sank down beside the corse, his ragings mute,
And thus lay sunk, in gloomy grief and smart,
Until the fatal bullet pierced his heart.

THE FIDDLER.

(From the German of Sallet.)

A FIDDLER roamed from land to land
His minstrel skill to show,
And with a deft and cunning hand
He knew to wield the bow.

His strains were strong, his strains were sweet,
Were manifold in tone ;
They stirred the heart, the frame complete,
Through marrow and through bone.

The music swelled, the minstrel peered
Within his deepest mind ;—
'The finest strain that e'er I heard
Nowhere herein I find.

'My aged father played it me,
When I was yet a child ;
Transported by its melody,
I trembled, wept, and smiled.

'I've thought my best, and played my best,
But thought and played in vain ;
And never more shall I have rest
Till I can play that strain.'

The Fiddler.

He speaks, he plays another tone,
 'Tis sweet, 'tis strong, 'tis grand ;
It thrills through marrow and through bone ;
 The bow drops from his hand.

 ' Ah, wretched flourish ! sheer disgrace !
 Shall this be nicknamed play ?'
He thrusts the fiddle in its case,
 And wildly bursts away.

He wanders here, he wanders there,
 He ceases now to roam ;
His hand is heavy, grey his hair,
 A cell becomes his home.

Yet, haunted by that melody,
 He cries in his despair—
 'O blessed God, give rest to me,
 A man of hoary hair !'

One morn a boy he taught to play
 Beheld him in a dream ;
He softly smiled as tranced he lay
 In morning's fairest beam.

He wakes again, and murmurs low,
 ' Thanks, Ruler of the skies,
That Thou hast deigned my sire to show
 Before my living eyes.

 ' All glorious in my dream he seemed,
 Majestically fair ;
Around his ample shoulders streamed
 His flowing silver hair.

' He played the wondrous melody
Which I have sought in vain.
Haste ! bring the fiddle, boy, to me,
Methinks I hold the strain !'

He seized the bow, and poured a flood
Of melody so rare,
That every sound which stirs the blood
Seemed born and blended there.

The aged hand unwearied plies,
On roll the tuneful streams,
From out the aged minstrel's eyes
A holy light out-gleams.

Entranced by strains so strangely sweet,
The minstrel's boy draws near,
And listens at the master's feet
In wonder, joy, and fear.

The music dies, the bow doth drop
The fiddler's final stave,
His hand and heart together stop ;
But even in eternal rest
He clasps the fiddle to his breast ;—
Thus lay him in his grave.

SOLOMON AND THE SOWER.

(From the German of Rückert.)

IN open air King Solomon
Made in a field his royal throne,
And there he saw a sower stride,
Scattering the corn on either side.

‘What dost thou there?’ inquired the King,
‘No harvest from this field can spring;
Give o’er the foolish task, I pray,
Thou dost but fling the seed away!’

His rising arm the sower dropt,
A moment thoughtful, doubtful stopt,
Then lustily resumed his trade,
While to the Sage he answer made:—

‘Of land this field is all my share,
This have I ploughed and tilled with care;
What after-thought my arm should stop?
From me the seed, from God the crop.’

THE FALSE SQUIRE.*(From the German.)*

O’ER the sleeping world the silent moon
Her bountiful silver strowed,
As an errant Knight and his serving-squire
To the bridge on the Swartzstrom rode.

All heedlessly rode the gallant Knight ;
For what had a Knight to fear?
When the traitorous squire stole up behind,
And pierced his lord with a spear.

He thrust him through with a spear, and sank
His corse in the deepest wave,—
' Now I shall be master of master's wealth,
And his charger ride,' said the knave.
And the false knave donned the true Knight's
arms—
His hauberk, helmet, and sword,
Then swung himself in the true Knight's seat,—
And gave his charger the word.

The stream was deep, and the bridge was steep,
But the middle arch was neared.
Did the good steed miss the true Knight's hand,
That he backed, and plunged, and reared?
The false squire tried the steed to guide,
By spur, by bridle, and blow ;
Yet he backed for all, to the low-side wall,
And over the bridge they go !

The deep dark wave the charger and knave
Engulf with a sullen splash ;
And the ripples wide upon either side
The pebbles a moment dash.
Then over the dead the river sped,
On his wonted seaward way ;
But master and knave alike shall his wave
Give up to the judgment day.

THE TWO KINGS AT ORKADAL.

(From the German of Gabel.)

Two kings were feasting at Orkadal ;
The torches gleamed in the pillared hall ;
The harpers played, and the wine was poured,
But sullenly sat the kings at the board.
'Give me the maiden !' the one king cries,
'With her snowy brow and her bright blue eyes.'
Cries the second king with flashing scorn,
'She is mine, and shall remain—I've sworn !'
Between them passed no angrier word,
But each arose and unsheathed his sword.
Together they strode from the glittering hall,
The snow lay deep by the castle wall.
On the landscape round the torches flashed,
Through the silent night the good swords clashed,
And sadness fell upon Orkadal,
Two kings lay dead in the pillared hall.

THE KING AND THE MILLER.

FREDERICK THE GREAT, it may be stated, built the Palace of Sans Souci—or Careless Content—in the years 1745-47, and the windmill which the 'intractable' miller refused to give up to the Emperor still belongs to the miller's descendants.

THERE lived a miller free from care
Within his little mill ;
'Click clack,' in weather foul or fair
The mill kept grinding still.

It pleased his Lord the King to rear
A castle by its side ;
But for the mill the view were clear
O'er town and country wide.

The Monarch bade the miller gold—
'Sell me thy little cot—
And build a better than the old ;
Thyself shalt choose the spot.'

'My mill suffices my desire,
I'll leave it to mine heir,
It bears the blessing of my sire,
I'll die no other where.'

The King said yea, the miller nay,
The prince his patience lost :
'The land is mine, thou shalt give way,
A king must not be crost.'

'I'll not give way.' 'Then force must needs
Thy stubborn spirit bend.'
'You err, my sire ; from forceful deeds
The judges will defend.'

'The judges ?' Ah ! the judges he,
The King, had placed in power—
'Thou'rt right, I yield ; thy mill shall be
As sacred from this hour.'

Since then o'er high and low the same
Time plies his peaceful wings ;
Sans Souci is the castle's name,
And Frederick the King's.

EVENING.

(From the German of Rückert.)

ON yonder mountain steep I stood,
And saw the sun descend,
The evening o'er the summer wood
Its golden net extend.

The clouds of heaven their dews let fall
Like balm on earthly woes,
The evening bell rang out to call
All nature to repose.

'Behold,' said I within my breast,
'How still creation now !
Earth's children all prepare for rest,
So, wearied heart, shouldst thou.

'The flow'rets slowly close their eyes
With day's expiring beam,
And softly every wavelet hies
To join its chosen stream.

'The sylph fatigued hath left the sky,
And rests beneath a blade ;
Amongst the weeds the dragon-fly
In dewy sleep is laid.

'The golden beetle, slumber-bound,
Is couched within a rose,
The herdsman and the flock have found
Their places of repose.

‘The lark descending from the air
Hath sought its lowly nest,
And quiet in their forest lair
Are stag and roe at rest.

‘Whoever calls a hut his own
Rests ’neath its rustic beams,
And wanderers in a foreign zone
Revisit home in dreams.’

DAS KIND DER SORGE.

THE CHILD OF SORROW.

(Translated from the German of Herder.)

ONE day on the banks of a murmuring stream
Pale Sorrow sat deep in thought;
And fingered the earth in her pensive dream,
Till an image of clay was wrought.

‘Now what hast thou there?’ cried Jove, drawing
nigh,

‘Pale Goddess of Sorrow, say.’

‘An image of clay, great Lord of the Sky,—
Give life to the creature, I pray.’

‘Then live!’ cried Jove, and it lived at his word,

‘Now mine shall the creature be!’

‘Not so,’ cried Sorrow, ‘but leave it, my lord;
I beg of thee leave it to me!’

‘ My finger hath formed it out of the clay ;’

‘ But I endowed it with life.’

While thus they argued came Tellus that way,
And added her voice to the strife.

‘ The creature,’ said she, ‘ to me must belong,

‘Twas taken out of my breast.’

Cried Jove, ‘ Why further discussion prolong ?
Great Saturn shall set it at rest.’

Said Saturn, chosen to settle the strife,

‘ This child belongs to you all ;

Let Jove, because he endowed it with life,
When it dies inherit its soul.

‘ To you, O Tellus, its body we give,

For nothing more is your due ;

And, Sorrow, while it continues to live,
It shall find a mother in you ;

‘ So long as it breathes you shall not depart

From the child your finger hath made ;

Like you, it shall vex and torture its heart
Till dust to dust it is laid.’

The creature is Man, and Destiny’s urn

Moved truly to Saturn’s nod ;

Man lives to Sorrow, and dies to return
To the bosom of earth and to God.

A WINTER SONG.

(From the German of Krummacker.)

АН ! wherefore liest thou so still
Beneath thy covering white and chill,
Thou dear Maternal Land ?
Where are thy vernal melodies,
Thy plumage under summer skies,
Thy blooming festive robe so grand ?

Undecked thou liest in thy sleep :
No gamesome lambs, no grazing sheep,
Thy fields and mountains bear ;
Thy little birds are sad and dumb,
No bees above thy flow'rets hum :
Yet thou art ev'n in winter fair.

Thy frozen boughs and glittering sprays,—
Emit a thousand twinkling rays
Bedazzling to the eyes ;
Who, who has thus prepared thy bed,
This snowy covering o'er thee spread,
And tricked thee thus in winter-guise ?

The friendly Father ; who but He,
This snowy covering wove for thee ?
He sleeps and slumbers not.
Do thou thy peaceful slumber take,
The Father bids the weary wake
In fresher strength to brighter lot.

The Play of the Strings.

To thee the painful throes of spring
 A new and vivid youth shall bring,
 Life wonderful and fair ;
 His Breath already hovers near,
 And soon, O Earth, shalt thou appear
 With blooming garlands in thy hair.

 THE PLAY OF THE STRINGS.

(From the German of Herder.)

IN the following poem the minstrel is represented as being struck by the play of his own strings, and indulging in various questionings as to the real cause of their harmonious utterances. At last the Spirit of Harmony stands out and answers him. And the minstrel hushes his song in rapt admiration.

MINSTREL.

WHAT sings in you, ye chorded lyre ?
 What animates your tone ?
 Dost thou, O plaintive nightingale,
 An absent mate bemoan ?

Dost breathe in music to my heart
 Thy melancholy tale ?
 Perchance its latest notes die out
 In this soft silver wail.

What speaks in you, ye chorded lyre ?
 What sings within your shell ?
 Are these thine echoes, sportive love,
 Which rise in dulcet swell ?

Thou dear delusion of the heart,
Sweet lip-alluring toy,
Hast seized the strings to sigh farewell,
Thou fickle, fleeting joy ?

It speaks in stronger, clearer notes,
It penetrates my heart ;
Its magic touches wake anew
The long-forgotten smart !

Thou tremblest in my frame, O soul !
Art thou thyself a lyre
Within some spirit's cunning hands,
Which thrill the quivering wire ?

It hovers on the sounding string,
It murmurs in mine ears !
The Soul of harmony stands forth
The Spirit of the spheres !

SPIRIT.

Lo ! here am I, the essence pent
Within the hollow shell ;
In every tone which strikes your ear,
Or thrills your heart, I dwell.

I am the echo of the rocks,
The low, sweet plaintive wail,
Which warbles from the slender throat
Of yonder nightingale.

In notes of woe I stir your heart,
To pity or to love,
I vibrate in your songs of praise,
And waft your prayers above.

Hope.

I tune the world, and tone with tone
 The diapason rolls ;
 In one unceasing choral stream,
 Souls mingling blend with souls.

Your heart within your bosom thrills
 Responsive to the strain,
 And feels of grief the subtile joy ;
 Of joy the subtile pain.

MINSTREL.

Cease, song of mine ! I hear the song
 Of all creation peal ;
 The power which linketh soul to soul
 Leads heart with heart to feel.

In mystic feeling we are one,
 The same in every zone,
 Wide echoes from the Godhead blent
 In one harmonious tone.

HOPE.

(From the German of Geibel.)

LET blust'ring Winter hurl his blast
 'Neath suns that light us dimly,
 His snow and ice around us cast
 While frowning on us grimly ;
 We know that Spring will come again,
 To banish Winter's tyrant reign.

Let mist before the morning sun,
A dense, impervious curtain,
O'er plains extend and mountains dun,
But yet we know for certain
That bright the solar ray shall glow,
Diffusing warmth and joy below.

Blow on, ye tempests, blow with might !
Your rage shall not alarm me,
There's one approaching overnight,
Whose milder sway shall charm me ;
The Spring draws near on velvet feet,
To scatter round me odours sweet.

Then shall the slumb'ring earth awake,
To verdant life up-springing,
And, while from every bush and brake
Harmonious mirth is ringing,
Shall greet the sunny skies above
In ecstasies of joy and love.

Her hair with garlands she shall twine,
Bedeck herself with roses,
And ears of corn therewith combine,
Whose husk the grain uncloses ;
While all her streams shall flow as clear
As if their fount were pleasure's tear.

Heart, let it freeze, as freeze it may,
Be thou content, unshaken,
For man shall break a brighter day,
New joys within him waken.

A day of flowered and gemmed attire,
A great May-day for earth entire !

Though fears and terrors stalk abroad,
Though earth like hell should darken,
Undaunted place thy trust in God,
To no misgivings hearken,
For after Winter's gloomy reign
Shall vernal glories deck the plain.

THE MOSS ROSE.

(From the German.)

THE Angel who watches the birth of the flowers,
Who shields them in tempests and feeds them
with dew,
O'ercome by the heat of the sun's hottest hours,
Reclined in the shade which a grateful rose threw.

Refreshed by repose, by the perfume enchanted
Which the Queen of the Flowers so lavishly shed ;
' If aught to complete thy attractions is wanted,
Just name it, and have it, my Fairest,' he said.

' Then grant me, my guardian,' the rose-tree en-
treated,
' Yet another attraction to heighten my grace.'
The moss was the gift, and her beauty completed,
She stood forth the Queen of her beautiful race.

THE BROOKLET.

(From the German of Goethe.)

LITTLE silvery, sparkling river,
Flowing on and on for ever,
On your brink
I stand and think,
Stand and think, and fain would know
Whence you come and whither go.

‘Out from rocky caverns deep
Gush I down the sombre steep,
Glide I on through moss and flowers,
Grassy meads, and elfin bowers.
While friendly skies within me glass
Their azure image as I pass.

‘On with childlike joy I go,
Caring little where I flow.
He who called me from the stone
Leaves me not to flow alone ;
He who did my stream provide.
He, I think, will be my guide.’

THE PARTITION OF THE EARTH ;
OR, THE POET'S PORTION.

(From the German of Schiller.)

'RECEIVE the earth !' cried Zeus to Man,
From off his airy hill ;
'Receive it in eternal fief,
Divide it as ye will ;
And live in peace and friendship true,
As brother mortals ought to do.'

Then ran whoever hands possessed,
Alert to seize a share,
Till all was clutched, and held, and owned
Beneath the vital air.
The farmer seized the golden grain,
The squire the chase on hill and plain.

The merchant grasped what stores could hold,
The abbot claimed the wine ;
'Ha !' cried the king with pride elate,
'The tithe of all is mine !'
He barred the bridge where rivers roll :
On all the highways levied toll.

The last of men, and long behind,
The pensive bard drew nigh ;
And, lo ! the universal world,
Where'er he turned his eye,

Was all apportioned, bounded, named,
No single portion left unclaimed.

‘Woe! woe to me! shall I of all—
Thy well-belovèd son—
While others freely share thy gifts,
Shall I of all have none?’
Thus rose the poet’s cry, while prone
He flung himself at Zeus’s throne.

‘If thou hast lingered, son,’ said Zeus,
‘Within the Land of Dreams,
Am I to blame, if others seized
The forests, fields, and streams?
Where wert thou when the world was given?’
‘O Zeus! beside thyself in heaven.—

‘Mine eyes upon thy visage hung,
And eagerly mine ears
Within thy radiant presence drank
The music of the spheres.
Great Father, chide the spirit not
Which earth for heaven and thee forgot!’

Cried Zeus, perplexed, ‘Alas! my son,
The earth is mine no more;
Bequeathed alike the fruits, the chase,
The mart, and trader’s store;
But here with me and gods divine,
Come when thou wilt—a place is thine.’

MOTHER-TONGUE

(From the German of Schenkendorf.)

O MOTHER-TONGUE ! O sounds of cheer !
For ever welcome, deeply dear,
First language to my ear addressed,
Sweet words of love and sterling worth,
The first my infant tongue expressed,
Thou ringest in me ever forth !

Ah ! how my lonely heart is pained,
When I 'midst strangers am constrained
To use a language not mine own ;
A tongue my tongue can ill repeat !
Strange words to early love unknown,
For friendly greeting all unmeet.

O wonderful and beauteous speech,
How clear my subtlest thoughts to teach !
For ever deep'ning in my soul
In vocal riches, vocal might !
'Tis as my father's voice did call
From out the grave's sepulchral night.

Ring, ring, harmonious forth and forth,
O hero language, tongue of worth !
Rise ! rise from out the grave's profound,
Forgotten song of long ago !
In Holy Writ anew be found,
That every heart in thee may glow.

God's breezes blow on every clime
We range ; we change with place and time ;

But I will pray, my thanks will speak ;
Or, if my heart with love be fraught,
Will vent for blissful feelings seek
In that dear tongue my mother taught.

*O Scotia ! land of Burns and Scott,
Land in my wanderings ne'er forgot ;
Dear land whose language first was mine,
Whose songs were o'er my cradle sung,
Cold, cold in death must I recline
Ere I shall cease to love thy tongue.

LONGING.

(From the German of Schiller.)

FROM this valley chill and cheerless,
By the grey mist densely prest,
Could I find an issue, peerless,
Raptured joy would fill my breast.

Beauteous hills are in the distance,
Blooming in eternal light ;
O for wings from this existence
There to soar in pinioned flight !

Harmonies I hear outringing,
Tones that woo to calm retreats ;
And the breezes thence are bringing
Odours fraught with soothing sweets.

Golden fruits behold I glowing,
Nodding on the dusky spray ;
And the flowers which there are blowing
Ne'er become the winter's prey.

* The last stanza imitated.

O to sit beside the fountains
 In the ceaseless sunshine there !
 O to linger on the mountains
 'Neath the ever-balmy air !
 But a dark and turbid river
 'Twixt those hills and me doth roll,
 And I pause and shrink and shiver,
 For its terrors thrill my soul.
 Lo ! a tossing skiff behold I ;
 Ah, no ferryman is near !
 Forward, soul ! and venture boldly ;
 Set and filled the sails appear.
 Since the gods no pledge will spare thee,
 Trust and dare, nor trembling stand ;
 Save a wonder, nought can bear thee
 To the beauteous Wonderland.

PRAYER DURING BATTLE.

(From the German of Körner.)

THE German poet Körner was born in 1778, and fell fighting the French, near Leipzig, in 1812. His patriotic pieces did much to fire the courage of the Germans, and won for him the title of 'The German Tyrtæus.' The 'Prayer during battle' was found on Körner's person immediately after his death.

FATHER, I cry to Thee !
 Roaring, the cannons with vapours surround me,
 Rushing, their lightnings and missives astound me ;
 Leader of Battles, I cry to thee !
 Father, O lead thou me !

Father, O lead thou me !
Lead me to victory, to death if Thou wilt ;
Thine if Thou sparest me, thine if Thou killest ;
O Lord, as Thou wilt, so lead Thou me !
God, I acknowledge Thee !

God, I acknowledge thee !
As in the rustle of autumn leaves falling,
So in the tempest of battle appalling ;
Fountain of Grace, I acknowledge Thee !
Father, O bless Thou me !

Father, O bless Thou me !
Life into Thy hands I freely deliver ;
Thou canst resume it, for Thou wert the Giver ;
For life or for death, O bless thou me !
Father, still praise I Thee !

Father, still praise I Thee !
We, in no strife for earth's goods are contending ;
Rights, the most sacred our swords are defending ;
But, vanquished or victor, praise I Thee !
Great God, receive Thou me !

Great God, receive Thou me !
When thunders of death mine ears are assailing ;
Veins flowing open, and life's current failing ;
God shall my trust, shall my safety be !
Father, I cry to Thee !

THE BIRD AND THE FOWLER.

*(An Allegory from the German paraphrased and explained for
Youthful Readers.)*

A BIRD at early morning
Amid the forest sang,
And full, and free, and fearless
Its joyful ditty rang ;
But lo ! a crafty fowler
Crept stealthily along,
Bird-limed a twig, and captured
That feathered child of song.
Now wherefore silent, songster,
That trilled as sweet a lay
As ever voice uplifted
To greet the rising day ?

Made answer thus the songster,
With drooping tail and wing—
‘ I sang, for I was joyful
Amid the woods of spring.
I sang, for all around me
And all within was fair,
The skies were bright above me,
All fragrant earth and air.
I drank the crystal fountains,
I feasted ’mid the flowers,
And flitted as I listed
From lawns to forest bowers.
Now I am sad and silent,
In prisonment severe,

Where sights and sounds of horror
Inspire unceasing fear.
No more the forest odours,
No more the charms of spring,
Nor love, nor joy, nor freedom
Incite me now to sing.
These iron bars confine me,
Abroad I cannot fly ;
Within this air I languish,
I pine, I droop, I die !'

' Now, name to me this songster,'
So spake the listening child,
' And name to me the fowler
Who lured it from the wild.'

Sin is the crafty fowler,
And many snares has he ;
The free and joyous songster,
My child, I find in thee.
While thou remainest guileless,
Around thee all is fair,
The skies all bright above thee,
All balmy earth and air ;
But Sin, the fell destroyer,
Can darken all the life,
And cage the soul in prison,
With every evil rife.
From Sin and Sin's allurements
Keep thou thy spirit free ;
Then shall thy life be joyous
As bird's in forest tree.

FLOWER ANGELS.

(INSCRIBED TO ETHEL MAY.)

THUS—or more delightfully—does the German poet Rückert
inculcate the love of flowers :—

TINY maiden, dainty maiden,
Angels are like thee,
Beautiful, but oh, so airy,
That thou canst not see,
Nay, not with thy glance so clear,
Angel forms that hover near.

Tiny maiden, dainty maiden,
Wouldst thou like to know
Where the angels love to shelter
When with us below ?
Poets' eyes through mysteries see,
Therefore I can tell it thee.

Every beauteous, blooming flow'ret
Is an angel's tent,
Here he comes when he is weary,
Here he rests content,
Till, by spirit-longings driven,
He must re-ascend to heaven.

Yet he loves his earthly dwelling
Quite as much as man,
Beautifies it for his pleasure
More than mortal can,
Tricks it out in every part
With seraphic taste and art.

In the day's meridian splendour,
On the roof he lies,
Catching from the golden sunbeams
All their fairest dyes,
Then he rests within at ease,
Painting walls and roof with these.

Bread he bakes him from the pollen,
Sparkling liquor brews,
Sweeter than Olympic nectar,
From the honey dews.
Never human host could be
Skilled in housely arts as he.

Dearly, too, each tiny flow'ret
Loves its angel guest.
Mourns him, nor behind can linger
When he quits her breast,
But as petals droop and die,
Mounts in perfume to the sky.

Tiny maiden, dainty maiden
Always cherish flowers,
So shalt thou have friendly angels
Watching all thine hours,

Always tending thee with love
Wheresoe'er thy feet may rove.

Underneath thy chamber window
Plant a pretty flower,
Carefully the evil passions
Then will shun thy bower.
For where an angel hath his home
Evil thoughts can never come.

Cull a nosegay from the meadow,
Or the gay parterre ;
Place it on thy gentle bosom
Ere thou forthward fare,
Then shalt thou again come in
With thy soul unsoiled with sin.

Water thou the tender lily
When Aurora shines,
Thou shalt be as lily spotless
When the day declines.
Roses near thy couch will keep
Angels nigh to watch thy sleep.

Wouldst thou still have angels chasing
Every form of dread—
Angels weaving blissful fancies
Round thy sleeping head?
Wouldst thou still desire to see
Evil from thy presence flee,
Sinless pleasures fill thine hours?
Dainty maiden, cherish flowers.

THE ANGEL BROTHERS SLEEP AND
DEATH.

(From the German.)

WHEN man, expelled from Eden's bowers,
Exchanged his bliss for toilsome hours,
 To mitigate
 His sad estate,
To soothe his toils, his care, and pain,
Benignant Heaven sent angels twain.

The first was Sleep, sent down to close
Our languid eyes in sweet repose,
 Our limbs bestrew
 With balmy dew,
And raise each sleeper up at length
With hopes revived and freshened strength.

The second angel's name was Death—
A name pronounced with bated breath
 And whitened face
 By Adam's race ;
And yet to Death did Heaven assign
A task than Sleep's not less benign.

Arrived on earth the brothers laid
Them down beneath a yew-tree's shade,
 Till darkness fell
 On mount and dell,
When Sleep arose and went his way,
Nor came again till dawn of day.

But Death, beneath the yew the while,
 Gave Sleep returned no greeting smile,
 No welcome word ;
 He never stirred,
 But sat the sheltering boughs below
 Like one oppressed with heavy woe.

Cried Sleep, ' O brother, why so sad ?
 Receive my tidings and be glad ;
 The livelong night
 I 've spread delight
 From highest hall to lowest den
 Midst all the tribes of living men.

' My soul is filled with sweet content,
 Men blessed me when I came and went ;
 Such blessings too
 Await for you
 Whene'er you on your mission fare—
 Dismiss at once that face of care.'

Said Death, in solemn tones and slow,
 ' No, brother Sleep, I tell you no !
 Me men shall hate
 And execrate,
 My visit every mortal man
 Shall shun, avert while'er he can.

' As much as men shall welcome thee
 So much shall they my presence flee.
 No, brother, no !
 My task below
 Is not to strengthen, soothe, and cheer,
 I bring to mortals pain and fear.'

Cried Sleep, 'O brother! you mistake,
There be whom mind or body's ache
Must still endure
Beyond my cure ;
Those suffering ones will wait for you
And give your coming greeting true.

'I own, indeed, when you draw near,
The wicked shall be seized with fear,
And strive in vain
Respite to gain ;
But to the truly good and wise
You shall reopen Paradise.'

Then Death, consoled, no more repined,
But plied the task by Heaven assigned ;
And hand in hand
Through every land
The angel brothers, Death and Sleep,
Bring grateful rest
To weary breast
And hearts that aching vigils keep.

THE OLD COUNTRYMAN TO HIS SON.

(From the German.)

WALK thou the paths of rectitude
Unto thy dying day,
And never swerve a finger-breadth
From God's appointed way.

Then thou as on a meadow green
Through mortal life shalt tread,
And gaze into the eye of Death
Without a thrill of dread.

Then shall the sickle and the plough
Light toil to thee afford,
Then shalt thou by the water-jug
Sing as if wine were poured.

The wicked man—ah, how unlike !
He loathes the good and true,
And yet from all his selfish aims
What trivial joys ensue !

Him evil passions ever drive,
By disappointments torn,
His hand outstretched to pluck the rose,
But grasps the stinging thorn.

There smiles no beauteous spring for him,
No fields of golden grain :
His paths are o'er no verdant meads,
No daisy-studded plain.

The whispering zephyrs startle him,
The quivering leaf affrights ;
A guilty conscience intervenes
To dash his best delights.

He starts at morn from troubled dreams,
By languor yet opprest ;
He looks toward the grave for peace,
The grave is not his rest.

Then practise truth and rectitude
Unto thy dying day,
And never swerve a finger-breadth
From God's appointed way.

That thou mayst for thyself be glad,
For others only weep,
And sink into thy final rest
As to an infant sleep.

And tears from angel eyes shall fall
Above thine honoured tomb,
And summer blossoms, breathing sweets,
From out those tears shall bloom.

FAIRY RIDDLES.

(From the German.)

Down in a rocky hollow
The fairy folks sat by night,
Making, and guessing gay riddles
To speed the hours in their flight--
Wisdom of pleasant jingle
If it was not golden quite.

And zephyrs creeping through crannies
Uplifted the fairy locks,
And, sporting hither and thither,
Wafted through rifts in the rocks
To me, a mortal outsider,
The wit of the fairy folks.

And I made ardent endeavour
 To catch the quibbles that flew,
 And out of many succeeded
 In seizing and fixing a few ;
 And here with scribbler's presumption
 I offer my samples to you :—

- Q.* What gold for mortals the richest
 Ne'er sparkled in earthly mine ?
A. The golden gleams of Aurora
 Which free for earth's millions shine.
Q. Who borrows gold and bestows it
 As silver silently shed ?
A. The moon, the gold of Aurora
 In silver pours on our head.
Q. What breast of breasts is the hardest
 Whence tears upwelling can flow ?
A. The rocky breast of the mountain
 That weeps to the streams below.
Q. What stream fills channels uncounted
 Yet never had one of its own ?
A. The rain fills many a stream-bed
 But falls from the skies in none.
Q. What bridge is the broadest and swiftest
 On river or streamlet cast ?
A. The bridge of ice, which the winter
 In a single night makes fast.
Q. What fount with steadiest motion
 Urges its echoless flood ?
A. The heart in the human bosom
 Urging its currents of blood.

Q. Who dresses in colours the gayest
When sorest perchance he grieves ?

A. The tree lamenting the Summer
In Autumn's many-hued leaves.

Q. Who musters spears by the thousand
Yet never a war shall see ?

A. The barbed brier in the garden
Or hedging fallow or lea.

Q. Who dwells in a single chamber
And sees but little of that ?

A. The snail that carries his mansion
In order to enter pat.

Q. What king is a king so puny
That his rule were a jest and scorn ?

A. King Wren¹ that flits on the hedges
Scarce bending the twigs of the thorn.

Q. When is the strong by the feeble
O'ermastered and holden down ?

A. When earth on the limbs of heroes
Her dust sepulchral hath strown.

Q. By whom is the earth o'ermastered
Who thus o'ermasters the best ?

A. By the iron in sock and colter
Which rends and furrows her breast.

Q. Have steel and iron a master,
Or lord it resistless these ?

A. Not so : by fire they are smelted
And moulded as mortals please.

Q. And is there a force so potent
That fire must yield to the same ?

A. Yes, water is able to conquer
The rage of the fiercest flame.

¹ German, *Zaunkönig*.

- Q.* Hath mighty ocean a master,
Or equals his strength his size ?
A. The storm-wind lashes the billows
Till their howlings reach the skies.
Q. Than wind and sky what is stronger
And louder than ocean waves ?
A. The thunder speaks, and they listen
And tremble like beaten slaves.
Q. Is there a courage yet braver
Than that of the victor Death ?
A. Yes, his who guileless and trustful
Can smile as he yields his breath.
Q. Why doth not the oak bear pumpkins ?
Such fruitage his boughs would grace.
A. For fear that when you looked upward
A pumpkin should fall in your face.
Q. Why do the fishes keep silence,
And dumbly glide in their pools ?
A. Because with language like mortals
They also might chatter like fools.
Q. Who listens to all our riddles,
And comes with an answer fit ?
A. The poet whose rhyme or reason
Can equal the querist's wit.
-

- Q.* And why do I finish my riddles ?
A. Aurora whitens the hill,
Down at the farm in the valley,
The bird of the morning crows shrill ;
The fairy voices are silenced,
And mine like theirs shall be still.

THE MONKS OF THE ABBEY OF GRABAW,
IN THE LAND OF USURIE.

(Expanded from the German.)

THE monks in the Abbey o' Grabaw,
In the land o' Usurie,
Were stouter, sleeker, an' jollier,
Than it weel seemed monks to be.

For the Abbey stood on the margin
O' a bonnie wide windin' bay,
Where fine fat fish were plentier
Than flowers in a genial May.

An' mair, an' very much stranger,
To the bay cam' ilka year
A pair o' the largest sturgeons
That ocean was kent to rear.

An' ane o' them aye got captured,
An' the ither ane aye got free,
But cam' again at his season
Wi' a brither as big as he.

An' somehoo the captured sturgeon,
Without either pickle or saut,
Cam' fresh to the table at Grabaw,
Till anither sturgeon was caught

An' whether in June or December
The monks were jolly an' stout,
For fine fat sturgeon at Grabaw
Was never kent to run out.

Till it fell on a day in August—
The year I canna declare—
There cam' to the waters o' Grabaw
O' sturgeons a wonderfu' pair.

'Twas said that their backs were braider
Than the floor o' the Abbey ha',
An' the flesh on their ribs was thicker
Than its thickest outer wa'.

'We'll capture them baith,' cried the Abbot,
'To miss sic spoil were a shame !'
An' ilka monk in the cloister
Expressed opinions the same.

An' the Abbot forgot his vespers,
Nor heeded the matin bell,
An' wi' whom he held secret counsel
Was kent to nane save himsel'.

But the Abbot gaed out at sunset,
An' 'twixt the dark an' the dawn
The couple o' wonderfu' sturgeons
Were somehow netted an' drawn.

'Ho ! ho !' laughed the Abbot o' Grabaw,
'We've captured the wonderfu' pair ;
We never liked fastin' at Grabaw,
An' better than ever we'll fare !'

The sturgeon was brought to the table,
But it neither wad cut nor chew,
Nae leather was harder or tougher
That souter e'er sewed upon shoe.

An' a terrible odour o' brunstane
Exhaled frae the flesh o' the fish,
Till the hungriest cat in the kitchen
Wad turn up its nose at the dish.

An' waur, frae the Bay an' its waters
The whole o' the finny tribe fled,
An' the Abbot an' monks o' Grabaw
Were reduced to butterless bread.

An' the legs o' the Abbot dwindled,
An' shrivelled to windle-straes,
An' his shoulders, aforetime so sturdy,
Wad hardly carry his claes.

An' the monks turned maist microscopic,
Their persons becam' so sma' ;
When they sat in the sunshine thegither
They had but ae shadow 'twixt twa.

An' never a nieper to Grabaw
Extended his sympathie,
But mony rejoiced in the doonfa'
O' the monks o' Usurie.

SATAN OUTWITTED.

(From the German of Rückert.)

THE Fiend that reigns in nether gloom
Can rarely be outwitted,
Yet him, 'tis said, with this defeat
His subject fiends have twitted.

The Arabs once had ploughed their fields,
And stood, prepared to sow them,
'Ha !' laughed the Fiend, who chanced to pass,
'A cunning trick I'll show them.

'The clowns shall plough, the clowns shall sow,
And reap their wheat and barley,
But I shall bear the grain away
Without dispute or parley.'

Then to the peasants : 'Half the world,
Thus half your crops, belongs me,
And he shall weep in nether gloom
Through endless time that wrongs me.

'The upper half I'll come to claim,
And you shall keep the under.'
'So be it, sire,' replied the clowns,
In gaping fear and wonder.

'Your highness shall receive your due
Without regret or wrangle.'

But lo ! when Satan turned his back,
They sowed their fields with mangel.

And thus when Satan came again,
He recognised his blunder ;
The fading leaves became his share,
The precious roots were under.

‘ Next year I claim the under half.’
The peasants smiled, contented ;
Again when he put in his claim,
His choice the Fiend repented.

The Arabs sowed their fields with wheat,
And, rich reward of trouble,
They bore away the golden grain
And left the Fiend the stubble.

‘ I ne’er was baffled thus !’ cried Nick,
‘ Since e’er my feet were cloven,
But still I’ll bear the stubble down
To heat the Stygian oven.’

THE LAST POET.

*(From the German of Count Auersperg,
nom de plume A. Grün.)*

Q. O WHEN will ye tire of singing ?
Ye poets, tell us how long
The time till ye shall have ended
Your old and incessant song ?

Has your teeming horn of plenty
Not been emptied long ago?
Have not all your flowers been gathered,
And your fountains ceased to flow?

A. While the golden car of Phœbus
Glides on in its azure way,
And a human face uplifted
Remains to bask in his ray ;

While the skies by storms are mantled,
And the forkèd lightnings dart,
And before their fury trembling
There throbs but a single heart ;

While after the raging tempest
There follows the radiant bow,
And, glad in the peace it heralds,
A bosom remains to glow ;

While night in the fields of ether
Shall scatter her starry seed,
And yet one man in the scripture
Of the golden scroll shall read ;

While the moon shall walk in silver,
Or a heart desire and feel ;
While the balmy forest odours
On a wearied one shall steal ;

While the rose puts forth its blossom ;
While the spring revives the earth ;
While an eye shall beam with kindness
Or sparkle in roguish mirth ;

While graves with their doleful cypress
Shall mourn for the griefs they make ;
While an eye is left for weeping,
Or a suffering heart can break,

The radiant goddess of Poesy
Shall wander the world so long,
With him as her gay attendant
Whom she consecrates to song.

And singing and ever jubilant,
Through the old abodes of earth,
The last of the poets shall die out
With the last of human birth.

THE BATTLE.

(From the French of Lamartine.)

THE trumpet hath sounded the summons for war,
'To arms !' and the echo repeats it afar,
'To arms !' O'er the plain on a sudden rush forth
The squadrons more prompt than the winds of the
north,

At once from all quarters their galloping rings,
They fold the dense flanks like a pair of dark wings ;
The courser, held back by an impotent rein,
Rears high on his haunches while quivers each vein ;
The thunder yet slumbers, but ominous dread
Above the vast masses is silently spread :

Not only the tramp of the myriads we hear,
Who march as a man to the death which is near,
But the rattling of cars, the neighing of steeds,
The word of command which from rank to rank speeds,
Or the flapping of banners which wave to and fro
Above the encampment of either proud foe,
Now flaunting aloft as in victory's breath,
Advancing to glory o'er carnage and death,
Now hanging at length as if drooping their pride,
And forming the pall of the legions they guide.

But, lo! in the forefront, with voices of bronze,
The cannons belch forth till the smitten earth moans,
The thunder meets thunder, the bolts of death fly,
Tube answers to tube in fast-flaming reply.
The bullets are tearing through front and through flanks,
Each leaving its blood-spattered gap in the ranks;
Like a tiller who goes and comes without fail,
With ploughshare incessant upturning the vale,
The furrows above the fresh furrows are laid
Till the green of the valley is changed into red,
Or like the strong mower who heaps upon heaps
Lays level the harvest with ne'er-ceasing sweeps;
Thus, thus the bolts fatefully traverse the plain,
And cover its soil with a harvest of slain.

Here falleth a hero cut down in his flower,
Superb with an eye flashing pride in his power.
The crest of his helmet, which sparkles in light,
Is the mane of a steed as black as the night;
The sheen of that helmet hath guided the shot
Which robs him of life, but he feeleth it not,

Like a fagot of steel he rolls on the plain,
His steed, bounding forward, perceives the loose rein,
Returns to the spot where his master is lying,
Bends, sniffs him, hangs o'er him, and weeps on him
dying.

There falls an old warrior who, born in alarms,
Had camps for his country, for love had his arms ;
His colours are all that are dear to his eyes,
Expiring he follows them with his last sighs.
Death's shafts through each army at random are sped,
The thick air is burdened with horror and dread ;
One perishes wholly, one stretched in the dust,
A trunk without branches, a poor bleeding bust,
Beholds the dear limbs where his life-blood hath
quivered,
Fly round him in fragments all mangled and shivered ;
Yet somehow he trails himself on through the mud,
Still leaving his traces bedabbled with blood ;
And one who hath scarcely a fragment of life
In the arms of a friend would flee from the strife ;
But vainly—they're struck by the same fatal ball,
Receiving this favour at least in their fall,
That, clasping each other, they heave their last breath,
And enter together the valley of death.

Yet vainly the thunderbolts furrow the masses,
Each leaving its terrible gap where it passes ;
As swiftly as billows together could flow,
And fill up the furrow behind the swift prow,
As swiftly the braves fill the gaps, and again
Make redder the fight on the heaps of the slain,

Till, wearied of death and a vengeance of chance,
Both camps with a similar valour advance ;
They clash, and then phalanxes, torn by the shock,
Are mingled, and reel in the bloody siroc.

Now squadrons oppressed by the squadrons are rent,
And arms over head like an archway are blent,
Shots cross one another, and swords with swords clash,
The ranks intermingled emit a sole flash.
Through the torrent of smoke the powder-gleam shines,
Runs blazing a moment along the hot lines ;
Then wrapping the whole in its sulphurous breath,
Conceals from our eyes alike victory and death.
So rushing, two torrents, in gorges scooped deep,
Down opposite mountains precipitant leap
At once, and in volume of similar force,
To meet in a channel too strait for their course ;
Surge dashes on surge, wave strikes aside wave,
Enraged, seeking vantage, they struggle and rave,
The atmosphere moist with the dash of their froth,
The desert resounding the voice of their wrath ;
Within their strait channel, loud, wrathful, and strong,
Still striving for mastery, they combat along.

The thunder is hushed—hark ! hark ! to the skies,
From the grief-smitten plain what concerts arise !
The harp and the clarion, the cymbal's gay voice,
Commingle, ascending together, rejoice ;
On the wings of the wind their harmonies flying,
Are blent with the shrieks and the wails of the dying.
But lo ! as they echo from valley and hill,
Our senses all shiver, our heart-blood runs chill ;

For round us the thick air is moved at their blast,
And we feel as the souls of the dead glided past.

The clouds are dissolving, the sun is revealed,
And shows the sad carnage which burdens the field ;
His pale ray is lighting the scene with its beams,
Disclosing before us the blood-flowing streams,
The car and the charger, crushed shapeless, and rolled
'Midst members in fragments, strewn over the mould ;
The arms and the corpses confusedly spread,
And banners flung down upon masses of dead.

Now hasten ye hither, friends, spouses, and mothers ;
Come, reckon your children, your husbands, your
brothers ;

Come, fight with the vultures which revel above
For the hopes of your age, the fruits of your love.
What rivers of tears for your lost ones shall flow !
What wailings shall rise from your cities in woe !
Unfortunate mortals, ere earth shall again
Give birth to as many as cumber the plain,
By one day of battle stretched mangled and slain !

*And this is red war, O my sisters, my brothers !
A scourge more dreadful, more cruel than all others ;
Selecting our bravest, the flowers of our lands,
And goading them onwards to Death's bloody hands :
And leaving our weakest, the weeds of our race,
To flourish and ripen, and fill the flowers' place ;
A monster which tramples the weak in the clay,
And widens the circuit of tyrannous sway.

* Not in the original.

Go think of it, hoar-headed searchers for truth !
Go ponder it, hope-circled beauty and youth !
O nations, if ye would but reason aright,
I know ye would rise in your grandest of might,
And thunder to war, ' Cursed heart-breaker, cease !
Henceforth we are vowed to blest joy-bringing peace.'

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

A CALABRIAN SONG.

THE French poet Lamartine says that the women of Amalfi, in Calabria, sing, in soft melancholy cadence, the following song as they return with their pitchers of water from the fountain :—

At twelve years of age in the garden I mused,
While citrons and almonds their fragrance diffused,
And spring, breathing life into winter's dead wreck,
Just ruffled the ringlets that fell on my neck ;
When a voice in my soul so thrilling was heard,
That my being entire by its accents was stirred.
It was not the voice of the wind nor the bell,
Nor pipe of the shepherd from mountain or dell ;
Nor prattle of infant, nor milkmaiden's song ;
Nor voice of the forester joyous and strong.

It was you, O my angel ! my guardian divine,
It was you whose heart whispered thus early to mine.

Again, in my youth, when our evening was o'er—
Our evening of love 'neath the old sycamore—

When my manly betrothed, compelled to depart,
Left his kiss on my lips and deep love in my heart,
Again came that whisper, so clear and so sweet.
It was not his voice, nor his steps in retreat,
Nor was it the music of lovers who played
And sang 'neath the lattice their gay serenade.

It was you, O my angel ! my guardian divine,
It was you whose heart joyed in the joyance of mine.

When yet a young mother, beside my own hearth,
I sat 'midst our treasures, our dearest on earth,
While outside the fig-tree that grew by the wall
To the hands of my children its fruitage let fall,
A voice vague but tender arose in my breast.
It was not the bird's to its mate in the nest,
Nor the babe in the cradle that murmured in sleep,
Nor the song of the fisher abroad on the deep.

It was you, O my angel ! my guardian divine,
It was you whose heart mingled its accords with mine.

Now grey are my tresses, I'm widowed, I'm old,
'Midst bushes I shelter myself from the cold,
Or kindling such fire of the twigs as I may,
I watch lest the goats or the children should stray ;
Yet that voice in my bosom, in weal or in ill,
Communes with me, cheers me, and sings to me still.
It is not his voice whom I loved, whom I weep—
Ah, no ! he is hushed in the grave's icy sleep—
'Tis the voice that I heard in the garden of yore,
That sang to my heart 'neath the old sycamore,

The voice that rejoiced with me later in life,
When I smiled a young mother, a loved happy wife.

It is you, O my angel ! my guardian divine,
Whose heart now is weeping, is weeping with mine.
It is you, O my angel ! through weal or through ill,
Who speak to me, cheer me, or weep with me still.

KING RENAUD.

THERE are numerous versions of the ballad of King Renaud to be met with in France. The version from which the following translation was made is popular in the Department of Pas de Calais.

HOME from the wars comes King Renaud,
Pierced with a wound whence life's streams flow ;
His mother looks from her window high,
And greets her son with a joyous cry.

' Renaud, Renaud, rejoice !' cried she,
' Thy wife hath borne a son to thee.'
' Ah ! neither my wife nor infant boy
Can bring to my heart one throb of joy.

' Go make for me a bed, I pray,
With coverings white and cushions grey :
Make it in secret, and make it well,
But none the news to my wife must tell.'

Renaud was couched, but ere midnight
His soul from earth had ta'en its flight.
The pages weep, and the maidens wail,
For ne'er had a kinder stepped in mail.

'Oh ! tell me, mother, mother dear,
Why are the people weeping here ?'
'Tis all for a gallant steed they grieve
That died in the stable yester eve.'

'Then tell them, mother, mother dear,
They need not weep so loudly here,
For when Renaud from the wars shall come
He'll bring as gallant a charger home.

'Oh ! tell me, mother, mother dear,
What tolling, tolling 'tis I hear ?'
'The funeral peal of a neighbour king,
Now three days dead, that the people ring.'

'Oh ! tell me, mother, mother dear,
What means this knocking, knocking here ?'
'Tis one of our castles in decay
They're building anew for us to-day.'

'Oh ! tell me, mother, mother dear,
What chanting 'tis that meets mine ear ?'
'Tis but a procession, nothing more,
That's passing near to our palace door.'

'O mother, dearest mother, pray,
What dress shall I put on to-day ?'
'A woman that's churching should appear
In weeds of the deepest black, my dear.'

Three workmen in the meadow green
Cast their eyes on the widowed queen.
'Is not that lady the wife,' said they,
'Of the great king buried yesterday?'

'Oh! tell me, dearest mother, pray,
What is it those good people say?'
'Go, daughter mine, on your journey go,
'Tis nothing that you have need to know.'

When to the blessed church they went,
Their heads in prayer were humbly bent;
And when the daughter lifted her eyes,
'Oh, what a beautiful tomb!' she cries.

'Yes, daughter mine, that tomb to thee
The first of all the group should be:
For that which I've hid you now must know—
Beneath it is laid our own Renaud.'

'Hold, mother dear! take thou my keys,
My new-born's childish griefs appease:
Dress him in robes befitting his woe;
For me, I must rest with my own Renaud.'

Then a voice from heaven was heard to say,
'Go! go to thy new-born child—away!
Your own Renaud has risen to Me,
And I am keeping him safe for thee!'

BLACK EYES AND BLUE EYES.

(Translated from the Italian.)

A GRAVE dispute did once arise
Betwixt the dark and azure eyes ;
Blue said that Black were proud, austere,
And Black, that Blue were insincere ;
Alternate each the other slighted,
In terms like those herein indited :—
' Fie, gloomy Black, sepulchral hue !'
' Fie, fickle, ever-changing Blue !'
' We image in our glance of love
The azure hue of heaven above.'
' But we in mercy veil the might
That flashes in our stronger light.'
' Fair Pallas, Juno, both had eyes
Blue, blue like us, whom you despise !'
' And what care we for these or you ?
Cytherea's eyes were black, not blue !'
Still fiercer had the contest been,
But youthful Love stepped in between,
With smiles upon his chubby face,
And offered to decide the case.
Then with a grave and learned look,
The rosy boy his tablets took,
And noting all the con's and pro's
Betwixt the two bewitching foes,—
' I give,' cried he, ' the foremost prize,
Nor yet to dark nor azure eyes ;
Most beauteous those which swiftest dart
Their loving glances to the heart.'

HORACE—ODE I. BOOK I.

TO MÆCENAS.

MÆCENAS, offspring of ancestral kings,
Thou grace and glory of my lyric strings,
There be whom it enraptures to behold
Olympic dust around the chariot rolled,
Whom it uplifts from earth to gods on high
To round the goal yet graze it as they fly,
Or snatch from rival wheels the inner space,
And win the palm, victorious in the race.
That man, if but the fickle Roman crowd
To triple honours raise his head, is proud ;
And this if he have garnered in his store
Whate'er is swept from Libyan threshing-floor.
You could not move the rustic, whose desire
Is but to till the acres of his sire,
With all the wealth of Attalus to sail,
A mariner, the sport of every gale,
And, borne upon a bark of Cyprian tree,
To cut the waves of the Myrtoan Sea.
The merchant, fearing winds and waves at strife,
Extols his urban ease and rural life,
But soon impatient of a narrow lot,
Refits his shattered fleet, his fears forgot.
Ungrudging some the busy day give up,
To drain at ease the mellowed Massic cup,
Beneath the arbutë's verdant screen outspread,
Or stretched beside the sacred fountain's head.

The camp and wars, which trembling mothers fear,
With mingled pipe and trump, to some are dear.
Unmindful of his tender spouse at home,
The hunter under frigid skies will roam,
If to his faithful dogs the stag is seen,
Or Massic boar within his toils have been.
The ivy wreath, for learned foreheads fit,
Gives me amidst supernal gods to sit.
The grove, secure from Phœbus' fervent glance,
The nymphs and satyrs joined in sportive dance,
Hold me secluded from the vulgar throng ;
If fair Euterpe modulate my song,
Or Polyhymnia come at my desire
Evoking music from the Lesbian lyre ;
But if Mæcenus would insert my name,
Amidst the poets known to lyric fame,
Then I, triumphant over space and time,
Should strike the lofty stars with crest sublime.

THE SHADES OF THE UNBURIED AND
THE FERRYMAN CHARON.

(*Æneid*, Book vi. 298-330.)

THE ferryman wha plied his trade
Across th' Infernal peel
Was far frae comely to the e'e ;
In fact, a gruesome chiel.

His fiery een stood in his pow,
His hoary beard was lang ;
An' frae his shouthers in a rape
His fu'some mantle hang.

He pushed his coble wi' a pole
When canvas wadna draw ;
An' lifeless corpses were the freight
His craft was used to ca'.
Though auld, I wat he wasna frail ;
He was a sturdy carle,—
As fu' o' sap as ony god
That rules the upper warl'.

But here the crowds o' scattered ghaists
Cam' thrangin' to the bank ;
The mithers, men, and doughty chieils
Wha'd lost the vital spank ;
The loons an' lasses never wed,
An' youths wha erst had been
Consumed upo' the funeral pyre
Afore their parents' een.

As mony they as forest leaves
That, earthward flutterin', drap
When Autumn's cauld sets in to chill
An' check the fosterin' sap ;
Or birds that quit the troubled deep,
An' flock towards the strand,
When Winter drives them o'er the sea
To seek the lyther land.

Each stan's an' pleads to be the first
To mak' the passage o'er,
An' raxes out his hands in love
Toward the further shore.

The surly boatman now tak's ane,
Now ithers o' the band,
But drives their eager neibours back
Frae aff the dreepin' strand.
Æneas (wha was sair perplexed
An' fairlied at the steer)
Says, ' Tell me, Lucky, gif ye please,
What means this gatherin' here ?

' What seek thae sauls? An' how are some
Left pleadin' here in vain,
While ithers, borne across at ance,
The sair-sought haven gain ?'
The ancient spaewife briefly thus
Mak's answer in her turn,
' Æneas, affspring o' the gods,
To great Anchises bore,

' These are Cocytus stagnant deeps,
An' that's the Bog o' Styx,
By whilk when gods hae sworn, they dread
Their purpose to unfix.
Unburied folks compose the thrang
O' whilk ye mak' remark ;
The boatman's Charon, boatin' ghaists
O' those interred his wark.

' For nane may cross these eerie banks
Nor hoarsely-roarin' waves,
Till friendly hands hae laid their banes
To rest in peacefu' graves ;
But roam an' hover roun' thae shores
A hunner weary years,
Afore they sail the welcome loch
To join their old compeers.'

FROM THE GREEK OF ANACREON.

Θέλω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας.

THE twain Atrides, brave in war,
Wise Cadmus I would sing ;
But lo ! whene'er I strike the lyre,
'Tis Love that tones the string.

I late renewed those wanton strings,
I wholly changed my lyre,
And thought perchance Alcides' feats
Might stronger strains inspire.

Again the strings responded Love ;
Then heroes, fare ye well,
Let other bards your deeds extol,
My lyre of Love must tell.

Φύσις κέρατα ταύροις.

To every creature under heaven,
Hath Nature means of safety given :
The bull hath horns to push at need ;
His horny hoofs defend the steed ;
A foot of speed is given to bear
From chasing foes the timid hare ;
Fierce teeth defend the forest king ;
The bird escapes on soaring wing ;
The fish that swim the waters wide,
Within their secret depths can hide ;
And man to guard himself from harm
Hath thoughtful front and potent arm ;
Have others all from woman reft ?
Hath Nature her defenceless left ?
No ! Beauty is her spear and shield ;
To Beauty fire and arms must yield.

Εἰς Ἑρωτα.

'Twas when the gloom of middle night
Had fallen upon the land,
When Ursa wheels in starry light
Beside Boötes' Hand,

When all the tribes of men were now
By weary toil subdued,
That Cupid, doubling blow on blow,
Before my portals stood.

‘Who comes to break my rest,’ I cried,
‘With unprovoked alarm?’
‘’Tis I, a child,’ the god replied,
‘Who cannot do you harm.

‘Unbolt your door, for sad’s my plight;
Across the wintry wold
I’ve wandered in the moonless night;
I’m weary, wet, and cold.’

With hasty hand I lit my lamp,
Undid the door, and lo!
A wingèd infant, cold and damp,
With quiver and with bow.

Beside the fire with anxious care
I placed the youth divine,
I wrung the water from his hair
And chafed his hands in mine.

But when his dripping wings were dried,
His shivering body warmed;
‘Come let us try this bow!’ he cried,
‘How far the string is harmed.’

Then like a gadfly up he flew,
And, hovering on the wing,
He fixed his fatal dart, and drew
The shaft-impelling string.

He aimed the shaft, and twanged the string,
The shaft unerring flew ;
My blood bedews its feathered wing,
It pierced my bosom through.

‘ Rejoice !’ he cried, ‘ my bow is sound,
Resistless still my dart ;
My host, you ’ll know it by the wound
That rankles in your heart.’

AU REVOIR.

I.

‘CEASE, cease your song!’ advisers cry;
‘Perchance the critics may decry;
Perchance the Public may refuse
To buy the products of your Muse,
And all unread your volumes lie.’
‘Perchance,’ I answer, with a sigh.

II.

‘Perchance’—and so conclude my lays
In dull December’s drearest days.
Yet Hope, sweet Hope, with me remains,
And smiles upon my latest strains,
Whilst in my ear she whispers, ‘Bard,
Your verse shall rise in men’s regard;
Bid readers but a brief good-bye;
The clouds are clearing from your sky.’
—Thus under Hope’s all-potent spell
I say GOOD-BYE, and not FAREWELL.

GLOSSARY.

- Aan*, a tributary of the Feugh.
Abeen, above.
Aise, ashes.
Asse, ashes.
Aits, oats.
Alowe, on fire.
Anent, in line with.
Ayont, beyond.
Auchteen, eighteen.
Awmrie, a chest, press, or cupboard.

Backet, (1) a small wooden trough for coal, ashes, etc.; (2) an oblong wooden trough kept by the fireside for preserving salt.
Ban, to curse, to swear.
Ban', band.
Barrel-briestet, round chested.
Bare, poor.
Bawbee, halfpenny.
Beclairtit, besmeared, bedaubed.
Beiddal, an invalid.
Beddin', an old custom of putting the bride and bridegroom to bed.
Ben, in, inside.
Bide, (1) to stay; (2) to bear, to suffer.
Bield, shelter, refuge.
Bien, thriving, well-doing, comfortable.

Biggit, built.
Biggin', dwelling.
Birk, youth, smart young fellow.
Blate, shy, timid.
Blenterin', weak-eyed, stupid.
Blether, noisy talk, nonsense.
Bowe, a boll (a dry measure of capacity varying from two to six bushels).
Bonnet-laird, a small landed proprietor.
Bonnet, a man's cap.
Boun's, boundaries, limits
Bourachs, small crowds, clusters
Bore, a chink, a hole.
Bowie, a barrel used as a tub.
Brass, money, riches.
Braw, handsome, grand, fine.
Braws, fine clothes.
Brawn, calf of leg.
Brent, burnt.
Brocket, having a black or white face, spotted.
Brose, oatmeal mixed with boiling water or milk.
Brownie, a household sprite.
Bruikie, dirty, sooty.
Buckle wi', marry.
Buik, (1) book; (2) carcass.
Buikit, "booked" for proclamation of banns.
Busk, (1) to dress; (2) to dress flies for fishing.

Fushion, nourishing power, strength.
Fusky pig, jar of whisky.
Fu'some, loathsome.
Futtles, knives.
Fyles, sometimes, now and then.
Fyou, few.
Fyte, white.

Garth, a term applied to a shallow part or stretch of shingle in the river.
Gait (to tak' the), to start off on a journey.
Galore, in abundance.
Gangrel, a vagrant, a child just beginning to walk.
Gar, to make, to try.
Gear, goods, effects.
Getherl, wealthy, well-to-do.
Gentle, a gentleman, one of the upper class.
Gey, somewhat, rather.
Gimmer hillock (to be on the), to be unmarried.
Girnin', whimpering, complaining fretfully.
Girnel, a meal tub or chest.
Gird the Cogie, a Scotch tune.
Glaur, soft, liquid mud.
Gled, a common kite.
Gleg, sharp, keen.
Glint, gleam, an instant of time.
Gowk, blockhead.
Greet, to weep ; (p.p.), grat.
Grieve, a farm overseer.
Grue, to shudder with fear or repulsion.
Grun' wark, foundation.

Hairst, harvest.
Hantles, a great many.

Happin', covering up for sake of warmth.
Harn sark, coarse linen or hempen shirt.
Har'l't, dragged, pulled.
Haud, to withhold, to retain.
Hauddin', property, possessions.
Haugh, low-lying, level ground by the side of a river.
Herrit, despoiled, ruined.
Hest and blade (to be like), to be close companions.
Hesp, a hank of yarn.
Heugh, a steep bank.
Hirslin', moving in a sliding manner.
Hirplet, limped, hobbled.
Hitch't, hopped on one leg.
Hizzy, a term of reproach for a woman or girl.
Hodden, homespun cloth.
Holus-bolus, entirely.
Hostit, coughed.
Howe, a hollow, a valley.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howff, take shelter.
Huddery, dishevelled.
Hurdies, buttocks.

Ilka, each, every.
Ill, hard, difficult ; an illness.
Ingle, hearth, chimney corner.
Intil, within.

Falouse, guess, suppose.
Faw, wave, billow.
Filp, dash, splash.
Fink't, eluded, dodged.
Joe, a sweetheart, either male or female.
Foggin', moving on slowly and steadily.
Joskin, a country bumpkin.

- Fook*, to duck or stoop, to evade.
Fuggled, cheated, swindled.
Funt, large piece.

Kebbock, whole cheese.
Kelpie, water spirit.
Ken, to know; knowledge, sight.
Kennin', a trifle.
Kettle, dangerous, difficult.
Kin o', somewhat.
Kibble, strong, active.
Kirk, to, to take a newly married wife to church on the first Sunday after the wedding.
Kirns, churns.
Kist, chest, box, coffin.
Kil, a small barrel.
Kilth, acquaintance, those not related by blood.
Knowe, a hillock, mound.
Kye, cows.

Lair, quagmire.
Lave, to bale water.
Laverock, lark.
Lawin', a tavern bill or score.
Laid doon, buried.
Lap, leapt.
Lear, learning, education.
Liefu' lane, quite alone.
Leg, a flat, wooden, leg-shaped frame for stretching stockings.
Lick, a blow.
Lift, sky, heavens.
Lift (twa sins in the), two suns in the sky.
Licht, to alight, to dismount.
Lichtly, lightly; to disparage.
Lilt, to sing merrily.
Limmer, a term of contempt applied to a woman.
Linkit, married.
- Lingan*, shoemaker's thread.
Lyther, milder, more genial.
Lit, an indigo dye.
Laith, loath.
Leems, tools, utensils.
Leem, loom.
Loup, to spring, to leap, to flee from.
Lowsin, loosening,
Lowe, flame, blaze.
Lucky, an elderly woman.
Lug, ear.
Lum, chimney.

Maistly, almost,
Mantiemackers, dressmakers.
Marrow, match, equal; spouse.
Martyreesed, victimised.
Maun, must.
Mavis, song-thrush.
Mealock, small fragment of bread.
Mealer, quantity of corn ground at a time.
Mishanterns, misfortunes.
Mim, prim, demure.
Misca', to malign.
Moggin, a stocking used as a purse.
Mony, the, the departed.
Mow, a corn or hay rick.
Muckle, large, great.
Muckle-coat, great coat.
Mutch, a woman's cap.

Nain, own.
Napkin, pocket handkerchief.
Nathless, nevertheless.
Neep, turnip.
Niz, nose.
Neiper, neighbour.
Neive, fist, hand.
Nor, than (after comparatives).

Note, bank note for £1.

Nocht, nothing.

Nowt, cattle.

Off han', instantly, without delay.

Oonkent, unknown.

Oorra man, a man employed upon a farm to do odd jobs.

Orts, fragments, scraps.

Ouk, week.

Owre, too much, over.

Owergaen, exhausted, overcome.

Oxter, armpit.

Pairin', matrimonial.

Panel, a prisoner, or accused person on trial at the bar.

Pang, to fill to the utmost.

Pawkie, shrewd, sly.

Pech, to pant, to breathe with difficulty.

Penny fee, wages.

Puckle, small quantity.

Pig, an earthenware jar or pitcher.

Piggery, collective name for pigs.

Pirn, bobbin of a shuttle.

Plack, a small copper coin worth one-third of an English penny.

Ploy, frolic, escapade.

Pow, head.

Poortith, poverty.

Postie, the postman.

Protty, fine, excellent.

Quarter nane, second to none.

Quean, woman, damsel.

Queet, ankle.

Quat, gave up, set free.

Raff, plenty, abundance.

Raith, quarter of a year.

Rammack, scrap.

Rampagin', raging, storming.

Ranle-tree, an iron bar stretched across chimneys from which pots are hung.

Rashen, made of rushes.

Rax, to reach, reach out for.

Reamin', foaming, brimful.

Rael, very.

Reddin-straik, a blow which falls on one who interferes in a quarrel, or tries to part combatants.

Reefs, roofs.

Reek, smoke.

Riesle, a resounding blow.

Rigging, roof, ridge of roof.

Rive, to split asunder.

Rozet, resinous.

Roup, a dispenishing sale.

Rantree, rowan tree.

Ruck, rick or stack.

Ruction, disturbance, riot.

Rug, to pull, to tug.

Rung, a cudgell, staff or stick.

Saut, salt.

Scaith, danger.

Scalin', dispersion of a congregation.

Scraipit, made obeisance.

Scrat, scratch.

Seck, sack.

Screeads, writings.

Sought, invited.

Shak' their heels, to dance.

Shawltie, pony, small horse.

Shard, a term of contempt for a little despicable person.

Sharger, a thin stunted person.

Shavie, a trick or prank.

Showdit, moved to and fro with a swaying motion.
Shriek o' day, dawn.
Sib, kindred, relative.
Sich, sigh.
Sicher, sure, secure.
Skeely wife, midwife.
Skelpit, scampered.
Skin and bane, entirely.
Smatchet, a small stunted person.
Smirk, smile.
Smooored, smothered, suffocated.
Sneeshin' mull, snuff box.
Snod, neat, tidy.
Sonsie, comely, buxom.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Sowd, a quantity.
Soudert, agreed, suited.
Sowen seive, a seive for sifting out the sids of oatmeal for sowens.
Spank, a spark of fire.
Spate, a flood.
Spielt, climbed, scaled.
Spier, to ask, to enquire.
Splore, disturbance.
Spring, a quick lively tune.
Steeks, stitches.
Steer, confusion.
Stieve, fast, firm.
Stievely, firmly, stoutly.
Stirk, a young bull or heifer.
Stoitit, staggered, stumbled.
Stoun', a sharp sudden pang.
Stoup, a flagon.
Stoury, dusty.
Streen, yesterday evening.
Stumpit, walked heavily and clumsily.
Sweelt awa', washed away.
Sweer, unwilling.
Sung, singed.

Tackie, croft.
Tait, a truss of hay or corn.
Tak' oot, drink off.
Tatie creel, basket for carrying potatoes.
Ted, a term of contempt.
Teem't, emptied.
Tented, attended.
Tha:k, thatch.
Thestreen, last night.
Thocht, thought.
Thole, suffer, endure.
Thrums, waste ends of thread.
Timmer, wooden.
Timmerin', setting about anything with energy.
Timous, time-keeping.
Took fit, made off.
Toom, empty.
Toozy, shaggy, disordered.
Trockin', pottering.
Troch, the wooden conduit along which water is carried to a mill wheel.
Tulzie, a struggle; to struggle.
Turnt, turned a corner by.
Tint, lost.
Twa-han' barrow, barrow propelled by two persons.

Uncanny, unearthly, possessed of supernatural powers.
Unco, very, extremely, great.
Undichtit, unwiped.

Vogie, merry, gay.
Vievers, victuals.
Vricht, worker in wood, joiner.

Wair'd, spent, laid out.
Walie, fine, excellent.
Waly whangs, large pieces.

<i>Wan abeen</i> , recovered from the effects of.	<i>Wons</i> , dwelt, lived.
<i>Wan to</i> , reached.	<i>Wud</i> , mad, angry.
<i>Warselt</i> , struggled.	<i>Wyever</i> , weaver.
<i>Wastlin'</i> , westerly.	<i>Yird</i> , earth.
<i>Water-wraith</i> , water spirit.	<i>Yoke wi'</i> , marry.
<i>Wear awa'</i> , died.	<i>Yokin</i> , the time during which a ploughman's team works at a stretch.
<i>Webster</i> , weaver.	<i>Yowe</i> , a ewe.
<i>Wichtly</i> , swiftly.	
<i>Wimplin'</i> , winding, rippling.	
<i>Win</i> , to earn ; earnings.	

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